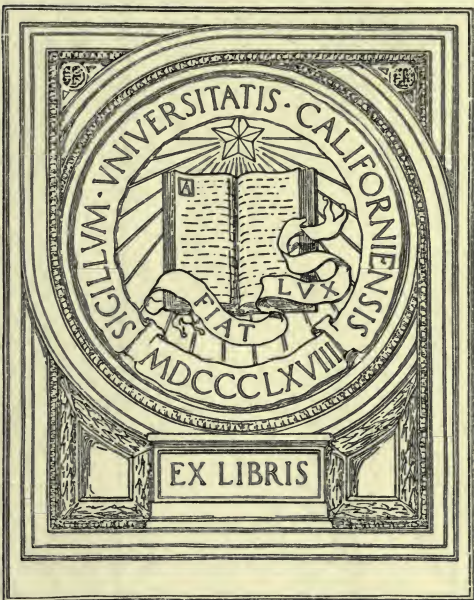






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THE
LITERARY
MISCELLANY:
or,
SELECTIONS & EXTRACTS,
classical and scientific;
with
Originals,
in
PROSE AND VERSE.

Convinced, by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarrassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagances and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chymists, who concentrate the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse. Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little but *well*. *Mem. of the Year 2500.*



ANCIENT,
MORAL,
DESCRIPTIVE,
PASTORAL,

HUMOUROUS,
ELEGIAC,
SEA,
SCOTTISH.

.....

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.
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H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row; Champante & Whitrow, Aldgate;
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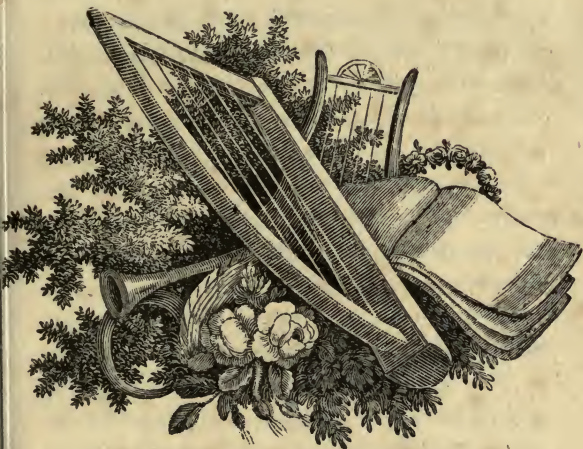
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main

The magic charms of music, when combined with sentiment, act powerfully on the imagination, inspiring the most lively, soothing, or malancholly affections. We thus recount past pleasures, pant for others in fruition, or breathe out the sighs of disappointment or despair. Singing is a mechanical resource, which exhilarates joy, diverts severe reflections, and alleviates sorrow.

NO. 1000
ANNEXED

Ancient
Ballads, Songs, and Poems.



Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.
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THE EMBLEMATIC VIGNETTE,
was designed by Mr. W. M. Craig, and engraved on wood by Mr.
T. Bewick.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The songs which have already been printed in the "Literary Miscellany" with the poems of some of our most celebrated bards, and others which are intended to be printed in that way, do not appear in these compilations.

Respecting the nature and tendency of these selections, —the songs retained are divested of expressions of violent and enthusiastic passion. Every subject presented possesses some preceptive rule, moral sentiment, or elegant thought. We have found no room for indecency, trifling composition, or the insipidity of modern operas: the most enchanting powers of musical composition cannot atone for the base alloy of levity, vulgarity, and nonsense.

All bacchanalian songs are rejected, because virtue and reason forbid us to join the crowd in misleading the inexperienced and unwary, or to scatter flowers in the paths of vice and profligacy.

Songs favouring false notions of honour and glory to be obtained in war (that crime and scourge of nations, that business of ambition, that disgrace of the human kind, that profession of butchery), will make another exception. Some of the ancient ballads, of this species

ADVERTISEMENT.



of composition, will be retained, for the sake of their simplicity of style and pathos: relations of dreadful battles, and wonderful adventures of knights-errant and legendary saints, excite rather a curiosity respecting the folly, superstition, and credulity of former times, than impressions of reality or truth.

Hunting is a savage, unmanly sport, comporting ill with European refinements, and ought to be employed, not as a diversion, but in cases of extreme necessity only, and even then with reluctance; songs of this class are therefore discarded.

ANCIENT BALLADS, SONGS, AND POEMS.

TO THE LUTE IN MUSICKE.

Where gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,
and dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
there musicke with her silver sound
with spede is wont to send redresse:
of trobled mynds, in every sore,
swete musicke hathe a salve in store.

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
in woe yt cheres our hevy sprites;
be-strawghted heads relyef hathe founde,
by musickes pleasaunt swete delights:
our senses all, what shall I say more?
are subjecte unto musickes lore.

The gods by musicke have their prayse!
the lyfe, the soul therein doth joye:
for, as the Romaine poet sayes,
in seas whom pyratts would destroy,
a dolphin saved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe!
O musicke, whom the gods assinde
to comforte, manne, whom cares would nippe!
sense thow both manne and beste doest move,
what beste ys he, wyll the disprove?

ANCIENT SONGS.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakespear has taken his song of the "Willow," in his "Othello," a. 4. s. 3. tho' somewhat varied and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:

" My mother had a maid call'd Barbaric :
 she was in love ; and he, she lov'd, forsook her,
 and she prov'd mad. She had a song of " Willow."
 An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune ;
 and she dyed singing it."

A poore soul sat sighing under a sicamore tree ;
 O willow, willow, willow !
 with his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee :
 O willow, willow, willow !
 O willow, willow, willow !
 sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.
 He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
 come willow, &c.
 I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone ;
 O willow, &c.
 sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.
 My love she is turned ; untrue she doth prove :
 O willow, &c.
 she renders me nothing but hate for my love.
 O willow, &c.
 sing, O the green willow, &c.
 O pittie me (cried he) ye lovers, each one ;
 O willow, &c.
 Her heart 's hard as marble ; she rues not my mone.
 O willow, &c.
 sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace ;
 O willow, &c.
 The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face,



O willow, &c.
sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones :
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
O willow, &c.
sing, O the green willow, &c.
Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove ;
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be faire ; I, to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
sing, O the green willow, &c.
O that beauty should harbour a heart that 's so hard !
Sing, willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard,
O willow, &c.
sing, O the green willow, &c.
Let love no more boast him in palace or bower !
O willow, &c.
for women are trothless, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
sing, O the greene willow, &c.
But what helps complaining ? In vaine I complaine :
O willow, &c.
I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine,
O willow, &c.
sing, O the greene willow, &c.
Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, &c.
he that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.
O willow, &c.
sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet,
O willow, &c.

a garland for lovers forsaken most meete.

O willow, &c,
sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!

PART THE SECOND.

Low lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine;

O willow, willow, willow!
against her too cruell, still still I complaine,

O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!
O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart!

O willow, &c.
to suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:
sing, O the greene willow, &c.

O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
O willow, &c.

a sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand:
O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
O willow, &c.

so hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye:
O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,
O willow, &c.

of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.

“Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet.”
O willow, &c.

sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Tho' she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
 O willow, &c.
 and carelessly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;
 O willow, &c.
 sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
 O willow, &c.
 cause once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her name:
 O willow, &c.
 sing, O the greene, &c.
 The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,
 O willow, &c.
 it rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;
 O willow, &c.
 sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 As then 't was my comfort, it now is my griefe;
 O willow, &c.
 it now brings me anguish, then brought me reliefe.
 O willow, &c.
 sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 Farewell, faire false hearted; plaints end with my
 breath!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 thou dost loath me, I love thee, tho' cause of my death.
 O willow, willow, willow!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

~~~~~

BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Take, oh take those lips away,  
 that so sweetlye were forsworne;  
 and those eyes, the break of day,  
 lights, that do mislead the morne;



but my kisses bring againe,  
seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.  
Hide, oh hide those hills of snowe,  
which thy frozen bosom beares,  
on whose tops the pinks that growe,  
are of those that April wears:  
but first set my poor heart free,  
bound in those icy chains by thee.



BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

Crabbed Age and Youth  
cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasance,  
Age is full of care:  
Youth like summer morn,  
Age like winter weather,  
Youth like summer brave,  
Age like winter bare:  
Youth is full of sport,  
Ages breath is short;  
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold,  
Age is weak and cold:  
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.  
Age, I do abhor thee,  
Youth, I do adore thee,  
O, my love, my love is young:  
Age, I do defie thee;  
oh sweet shepheard, hie thee,  
for methinks thou stayst too long.



## KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King Lier once ruled in this land,  
with princely power and peace ;  
and had all things with hearts content,  
that might his joys increase.

Amongst those things that nature gave,  
three daughters fair had he,  
so princely seeming beautiful,  
as fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king  
a question thus to move,  
which of his daughters to his grace  
could shew the dearest love :  
for to my age you bring content,  
quoth he, then let me hear  
which of you three in plighted tróth  
the kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began ;  
dear father, mind, quoth she,  
before your face to do you good,  
my blood shall render'd be :  
and for your sake my bleeding heart  
shall here be cut in twain,  
ere that I see your reverend age  
the smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said ;  
dear father ! for your sake,  
the worst of all extremities  
I 'll gently undertake :  
and serve your highness night and day  
with diligence and love ;



that sweet content and quietness  
discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,  
the aged king reply'd;  
but what sayst thou, my youngest girl,  
how is thy love ally'd?

My love (quoth young Cordelia then)  
which to your grace I owe,  
shall be the duty of a child,  
and that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou show no more, quoth he,  
than doth thy duty bind?

I well perceive thy love is small,  
when as no more I find:

henceforth I banish thee my court,  
thou art no child of mine;  
nor any part of this my realm  
by favour shall be thine.

Thy eldest sisters loves are more  
than well I can demand,  
to whom I equally bestow  
my kingdome and my land,  
my pompal state and all my goods,  
that lovingly I may  
with those thy sisters be maintain'd  
until my dying day.

Thus flattering speeches won renown,  
by these two sisters here:  
the third had causeless banishment,  
yet was her love more dear:  
for poor Cordelia patiently  
went wandring up and down,



únhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid !  
through many an English town :  
until at last in famous France  
she gentler fortunes found ;  
tho' poor and bare, yet she was deem'd  
the fairest on that ground :  
where when the king her virtues heard,  
and this fair lady seen,  
with full consent of all his court  
he made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while  
with his two daughters staid ;  
forgetful of their promis'd loves,  
full soon the same decay'd ;  
and living in queen Ragan's court,  
the eldest of the twain,  
she took from him his chiefest means,  
and most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont  
to wait with bended knee :  
she gave allowance but to ten,  
and after scarce to three :  
nay, one she thought too much for him,  
so took she all away,  
in hope that in her court, good king,  
he would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,  
in giving all I have  
unto my children, and to beg  
for what I lately gave ?  
I'll go unto my Gonorell ;  
my second child, I know,



will be more kind and pitiful,  
and will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;  
where, when she heard his moan,  
return'd him answer, that she griev'd,  
that all his means were gone:  
but no way could relieve his wants;  
yet if that he would stay  
within her kitchen, he should have  
what scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,  
he made his answer then;  
in what I did let me be made  
example to all men.

I will return again, quoth he,  
unto my Ragan's court;  
she will not use me thus, I hope,  
but in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command  
to drive him thence away:  
when he was well within her court  
(she said) he should not stay.

Then back again to Gonerell,  
the woeful king did hie,  
that in her kitchen he might have  
what scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd,  
which she had promis'd late:  
for, once refusing, he should not  
come after to her gate.

Thus twixt his daughters, for relief  
he wandred up and down;

being glad to feed on beggars food,  
that lately wore a crown :

and calling to remembrance then  
his youngest daughters words,  
that said, the duty of a child  
was all that love affords :  
but doubting to repair to her,  
whom he had banish'd so,  
grew frantick mad ; for in his mind  
he bore the wounds of woe :

which made him rend his milk-white locks,  
and tresses from his head,  
and all with blood bestain his cheeks,  
with age and honour spread :  
to hills and woods and watry founts,  
he made his hourly moan,  
till hills and woods, and senseless things,  
did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,  
he pass'd o'er to France,  
in hopes from fair Cordelia there,  
to find some gentler chance :  
most virtuous dame ! which when she heard  
of this her father's grief,  
as duty bound, she quickly sent  
him comfort and relief :

and by a train of noble peers,  
in brave and gallant sort,  
she gave in charge he should be brought  
to Aganippus court ;  
whose royal king, with noble mind  
so freely gave consent,

to muster up his knights at arms,  
to fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,  
to repossesse king Leir,  
and drive his daughters from their thrones,  
by his Cordelia dear :  
where she, true-hearted noble queen,  
was in the battle slain :  
yet he, good king, in his old days,  
possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelias death,  
who died indeed for love  
of her dear father, in whose cause  
she did this battle move ;  
he swooning fell upon her breast,  
from whence he never parted :  
but on her bosom left his life,  
that was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw  
the end of these events,  
the other sisters unto death  
they doomed by consents :  
and being dead, their crowns they left  
unto the next of kin :  
thus have you seen the fall of pride,  
and disobedient sin.



## DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses:" no date, 8vo. This little poem is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles II. *Percy.*

The glories of our blood and state  
are shadows, not substantial things;  
there is no armour against fate:  
death lays his icy hands on kings:

sceptre and crown  
must tumble down,  
and in the dust be equal made  
with the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords my reap the field,  
and plant fresh laurels where they kill;  
but their strong nerves at last must yield,  
they tame but one another still.

Early or late  
they stoop to fate,  
and must give up their murmuring breath,  
when they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,  
then boast no more your mighty deeds,  
upon death's purple altar now  
see where the victor victim bleeds:

all heads must come  
to the cold tomb,  
only the actions of the just  
smell sweet and blossom in the dust.





### THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

“Dispersed through Shakespear’s plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, some of them have been selected, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little tale. One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.” *Percy.*

It was a friar of orders gray,  
walk’d forth to tell his beads,  
and he met with a lady fair,  
clad in a pilgrim’s weeds.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,  
I pray thee tell to me,  
if ever at yon holy shrine  
my true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love  
from many another one?  
O by his cockle hat and staff,  
and by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,  
that were so fair to view;  
his flaxen locks that sweetly curl’d,  
and eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he ’s dead and gone!  
lady, he ’s dead and gone!  
and at his head a green grass turf,  
and at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long  
he languish’d and he died,  
lamenting of a lady’s love,  
and ’plaining of her pride.

Here bore him bare-fac'd on his bier  
six proper youths and tall,  
and many a tear bedew'd his grave  
within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!  
and art thou dead and gone!  
and didst thou die for love of me!  
break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so;  
some ghostly comfort seek:  
let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,  
nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,  
my sorrow now reprove;  
for I have lost the sweetest youth  
that e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss  
I'll evermore weep and sigh;  
for thee I only wish'd to live,  
for thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,  
thy sorrow is in vain;  
for, violets pluck'd the sweetest showers  
will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,  
why then should sorrow last?  
since grief but aggravates thy loss,  
grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar;  
I pray thee, say not so:  
for since my true love died for me,  
't is meet my tears should flow,





And will he never come again?  
will he ne'er come again?  
ah! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,  
for ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,  
the comliest youth was he:—  
but he is dead, and laid in his grave:  
alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,  
men were deceivers ever:  
one foot on sea, and one on land,  
to one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,  
and left thee sad and heavy;  
for young men ever were fickle found,  
since summer-trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,  
I pray thee say not so;  
my love he had the truest heart:  
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,  
and didst thou die for me?  
then farewell home: for ever more  
a pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave  
my weary limbs I'll lay,  
and thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,  
that wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile  
beneath this cloister wall:  
see through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,  
and drizzly rain doth fall.



O stay me not, thou holy friar,  
 O stay me not, I pray;  
 no drizzly rain that falls on me  
 can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,  
 and dry those pearly tears;  
 for see, beneath this gown of gray,  
 thy own true love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief and hopeless love,  
 these holy weeds I sought:  
 and here, amid these lonely walls,  
 to end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace  
 is not yet pass'd away,  
 might I still hope to win thy love,  
 no longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy,  
 once more unto my heart;  
 for since I have found thee, lovely youth,  
 we never more will part.

~~~~~

This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Johnson in his play of "Every Man out of his Humour," first acted in 1599, act 1. sc. 1.

My minde to me a kingdome is;
 such perfect joy therein I finde
 as farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
 that God or Nature hath assignde,
 tho' much I want, that most would have,
 yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice:



I presse to beare no haughtie sway ;
look what I lack my minde supplies.
Loe ! thus I triumph like a king,
content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
and hastie clymbers soonest fall :
I see that such as sit aloft
mishap doth threaten most of all :
these get with toile, and keep with feare :
such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
no force to winne a victorie,
no wylie wit to salve a sore,
no shape to winne a lovers eye ;
to none of these I yeeld as thrall,
for why my minde despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more :
they are but poore, tho' much they have ;
and I am rich with little store :
they poore, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
they lacke, I lend ; they pine, I give.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine ;
no worldly wave my minde can tosse,
I brooke that is anothers bane :
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend ;
I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

My welth is health, and perfect ease ;
my conscience clere, my chiefe defence :
I never seeke by brybes to please,
nor by desert to give offence :

thus do I live, thus will I die;
would all did so as well as I!

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

The four stanzas following are commonly printed as part of the foregoing song; but as they are found distinct and separate, after the manner of an independent poem, with different notes of music, in Birde's *basins*, it was thought proper so to give them.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;
for care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortunes fatall law;
my mind is such as may not move
for beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
in greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
and laugh at them that toile in vaine
to get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I faine not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the nighties gate;
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
extremes are counted worst of all;
the golden meane betwixt them both,
doth surest sit, and feares no fall:
this is my choyce, for why, I finde,
no welth is like a quiet minde.



THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

This little moral poem was written by Sir Henry Wotton, who died provost of Eaton, in 1639. *Æt.* 72.

How happy is he born or taught,
that serveth not anothers will;
whose armour is his honest thought,
and simple truth his highest skill:

whose passions not his masters are;
whose soul is still prepar'd for death;
not ty'd unto the world with care
of princes ear, or vulgar breath:

who hath his life from rumours freed;
whose conscience is his strong retreat;
whose state can neither flatterers feed,
nor ruine make oppressors great:

who envies none, whom chance doth raise,
or vice: who never understood
how deepest wounds are given with praise;
nor rules of state, but rules of good:

who God doth late and early pray
more of his grace than gifts to lend;
and entertaines the harmless day
with a well-chosen book or friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
lord of himself, tho' not of lands;
and having nothing, yet hath all.



THE PATIENT COUNTESS.

The following tale is found in an ancient poem intitled "Albion's England," written by W. Warner, a celebrated poet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. *Percy.*

Impatience chaungeth smoke to flame,
but jalousie is hell;

some wives by patience have reduc'd
ill husbands to live well:
as did the ladie of an earle,
of whom I now shall tell,

An earle there was had wedded, lov'd;
was lov'd, and lived long
full true to his fayre countesse; yet
at last he did her wrong.

Once hunted he untill the chace,
long fasting, and the heat
did house him in a peakish graunge
within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place
and persons might afforde)
brown bread, whig, bacon, curds, and milke
were set him on the borde.

A cushion made of lists, a stoole
halfe backed with a hoope
were brought him, and he sitteth down
besides a sorry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread
were wheat, their whig were perry,
their bacon beefe, their milke and curds
were creame, to make him merry.



Meane while (in russet neatly clad,
with linen white as swanne,
herself more white, save rosic where
the ruddy colour ranne:

whom naked nature, not the aydes
of arte made to excell)
the good man's daughter sturres to see
that all were feat and well;
the earle did mark her, and admire
such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare,
and held him at a feast:
but as his hunger slaked, so
an amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past, and thanks,
and welcome too; he sayd
unto his host and hostesse, in
the hearing of the mayd:

Yee know, quoth he, that I am lord
of this, and many townes;
I also know that you be poore,
and I can spare you pownes.

Soe will I, so yee will consent,
that yonder lasse and I
may bargain for her love; at least,
doe give me leave to trye.

Who needs to know it? nay who dares
into my doings pry?

First they mislike, yet at the length
for lucre were misled;
and then the gamesome earle did wowe
the damsell for his bed.



He took her in his arms, as yet
 so coyish to be kist,
 as mayds that know themselves belov'd,
 and yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large,
 she lastly did consent;
 with whom he lodged all that night,
 and early home he went.

He tooke occasion oftentimes
 in such a sort to hunt.

Whom when his lady often mist,
 contrary to his wont,

and lastly was informed of
 his amorous haunt elsewhere;

it griev'd her not a little, tho'
 she seem'd it well to beare.

And thus she reasons with herselfe,
 some fault perhaps in me;

somewhat is done, that so he doth:
 alas! what may it be?

How may I winne him to myself?
 he is a man, and men

have imperfections; it behooves
 me pardon nature then.

To checke him were to make him checke,*
 altho' he now were chaste:

a man controuled of his wife,
 to her makes lesser haste.

To *check* is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit: to *check* also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

If duty then, or daliance may
prevayle to alter him;
I will be dutifull, and make
myselfe for daliance trim.

So was she, and so lovingly
did entertaine her lord,
as fairer, or more faultless none
could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman, and
did still pursue that game,
suspecting nothing less, than that
his lady knew the same:
wherefore to make him know she knew,
she this devise did frame:

when long she had been wrong'd and sought
the foresayd meanes in vaine,
she rideth to the simple graunge
but with a slender traine.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well,
and then did look about her:
the guiltie houshold knowing her,
did wish themselves without her,
yet for she looked merrily,
the lesse they did misdoubt her.

When she had seen the beauteous wench
(than blushing fairnes fairer)
such beauty made the countesse hold
them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait?
thought she; and who (tho' loth)
so poore a wench, but gold might tempt?
sweet errors lead them both.

Scarse one in twenty that had bragg'd
of proffer'd gold denied,
or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,
but, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she: and she thus declares
her cause of coming thether;
my lord, oft hunting in these partes,
through travel, night, or wether,
hath often lodged in your house;
I thanke you for the same;
for why? it doth him jolly ease
to lie so neare his game.

But, for you have not furniture
beseeming such a guest,
I bring his owne, and come myselfe
to see his lodging'drest.

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,
in which were hangings brave,
silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
and all such turn should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd,
she prayes them to have care
that nothing hap in their default,
that might his health impair:

and, damsell, quoth shee, for it seems
this houshold is but three,
and for thy parents age, that this
shall chiefly rest on thee;
do me that good, else would to God
he hither come no more.

So tooke she horse, and eer she went
bestowed gould good store.



Full little thought the countie that
his countesse had done so ;
who now returnd from far affaires
did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within
the late deformed cote,
but that the formall change of things
his wondering eies did note.

But when he knew those goods to be
his proper goods ; tho' late,
scarce taking leave, he home returnes
the matter to debate.

The countesse was a-bed, and he
with her his lodging tooke ;
sir, welcome home (quoth shee) ; this night
for you I did not looke.

Then did he question her of such
his stuffe bestowed soe.

Forsooth, quoth she, because I did
your love and lodging knowe :

your love to be a proper wench,
your lodging nothing lesse ;
I held it for your health, the house
more decently to dresse.

Well wot I, notwithstanding her,
your lordship loveth me ;
and greater hope to hold you such
by quiet, than brawles, you see.

Then for my duty, your delight,
and to retain your favour,
all done I did, and patiently
expect your wonted 'haviour.

Her patience, witte and answer wrought
his gentle teares to fall:
when (kissing her a score of times)
amend, sweet wife, I shall:
he said, and did it; so each wife
her husband may recall.



WINIFREDA.

This beautiful address to conjugal love, is printed in some modern collections as a translation "from the ancient British language;" how truly I know not.

Percy.

Away; let nought to love displeasing,
my Winifreda, move your care;
let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
nor squemish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
with pompous titles grace our blood?
we'll shine in more substantial honours,
and to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
will sweetly sound where e'er 't is spoke:
and all the great ones, they shall wonder
how they respect such little folk.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
no mighty treasures we possess,
we'll find within our pittance plenty,
and be content without excess.

Still shall each returning season
sufficient for our wishes give;
for we will live a life of reason,
and that's the only life to live.



Through youth and age in love excelling,
 we 'll hand in hand together tread;
 sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
 and babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
 while round my knees they fondly clung;
 to see them look their mothers features,
 to hear them lisp their mothers tongue.

And when with envy time transported,
 shall think to rob us of our joys,
 you 'll in your girls again be courted,
 and I 'll go wooing in my boys.



BRYAN AND PEREENE,

BY DR. JAMES GRAINGER,

a West-Indian ballad,

founded on a real fact, which happened in the island of St. Christophers.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
 the ship was safely moor'd,
 young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
 and so leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 his heart long held in thrall,
 and whoso his impatience blames,
 I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
 he dwelt on English land,
 nor once in thought or deed would stray,
 tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
 right blythsome roll'd his een,

sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
he scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
that grac'd his mistress true?
such charms the old world seldom saw,
nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
like tendrils of the vine;
her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
she cast her weeds away,
and to the palmy shore she hied,
all in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
she there impatient stood;
the crew with wonder saw the lad
repell the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
which he at parting gave;
well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
and manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
rejoicing crowd the strand;
for now her lover swam in call,
and almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
to clasp her lovely swain;
when, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
his heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
streaming with purple gore,

and soon it found a living grave,
and ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
fetch water from the spring:
she falls, she swoons, she dies away,
and soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb
ye fair, fresh flowerets strew,
so may your lovers scape his doom,
her hapless fate scape you!



ALCANZOR AND ZAIDA,

BY ——— PERCY,

a Moorish tale, imitated from the Spanish.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
softly fall the dews of night;
yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
whom he loves with flame so pure:
loveliest she of Moorish ladies;
he a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
oft he paces to and fro:
stopping now, now moving forwards,
sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teize him,
oft he sighs with heart-felt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
to the lost benighted swain,
when all silvery bright she rises,
gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory,
to the fainting seaman's eyes,
when some horrid storm dispersing,
o'er the wave his radiance flies:

but a thousand times more lovely
to her longing lover's sight
steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
through the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
whispering forth a gentle sigh:
Alla keep thee, lovely lady;
tell me, am I doom'd to die?

Is it true, the dreadful story,
which thy damsel tells my page,
that, seduc'd by sordid riches,
thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

An old lord from Antiquera
thy stern father brings along;
but canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
thus consent my love to wrong?

If 't is true, now plainly tell me,
nor thus trifle with my woes;
hide not then from me the secret,
which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
while the pearly tears descend:
ah! my lord, too true the story;
here our tender loves must end.



Our fond friendship is discover'd,
well are known our mutual vows;
all my friends are full of fury,
storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
my stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it cost me,
generous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
long have rent our house and thine;
why then did thy shining merit
win this tender heart of mine?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
spite of all their hateful pride,
tho' I fear'd my haughty father
ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou' know'st what cruel chidings
oft I've from my mother borne,
what I've suffer'd here to meet thee
still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them;
all, to force my hand combine;
and to-morrow to thy rival
this weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
can survive so great a wrong;
well my breaking heart assures me
that my woes will not be long.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
farewel too my life with thee!
take this scarf, a parting token;
when thou wear'st it think on me.



Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
shall reward thy generous truth ;
sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
died for thee in prime of youth.

—To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
thus she did her woes impart :
deep he sigh'd, then cried, O Zaida,
do not, do not break my heart.

Canst thou think I thus will lose thee ?
canst thou hold my love so small ?
No ! a thousand times I'll perish !—
my curst rival too shall fall.

Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them ?
O break forth, and fly to me !
this fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
these fond arms shall shelter thee.

'T is in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
spies surround me, bars secure :
scarce I steal this last dear moment,
while my damsel keeps the door.

Hark, I hear my father storming !
hark, I hear my mother chide !

I must go : farewell for ever !
gracious Alla be thy guide !



UNFADING BEAUTY.

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of
"Poems by Thomas Carew, esq. one of the gentlemen of the privy-
chamber, and sewer in ordinary to his majesty, (Charles I.) London,
1640." This elegant, and almost forgotten writer; whose poems have
been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639. In the
original follows a third stanza, which not being of general application,
nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

Percy.

Hee that loves a rosie cheeke,
 or a corall lip admires,
 or from star-like eyes doth seeke,
 fuell to maintaine his fires:
 as old time makes these decay,
 so his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfaste mind,
 gentle thoughts and calm desires,
 hearts with equal love combin'd,
 kindle never-dying fires:
 where these are not, I despise
 lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * *



ISABELLA,

Queen of King Richard II,

beholding the triumphal entry of his rival Henry Bolingbroke, who had
 taken the king prisoner.

Fair Isabella, longing to behold
 her long-miss'd love, in fearful jeopardies;
 to whom, altho' it had in part been told
 of their proceeding, and of his surprise;
 yet, thinking they would never be so bold
 to lead their lord in any shameful wise,
 but rather would conduct him like their king
 (as seeking but the state's re-ordering).

Abroad she looks; and notes the foremost train—
 and grieves to view some there she wish'd not there;
 seeing the chief not come—stays—looks again;
 and yet she sees not him that should appear:
 then back she stands, and then desires as fain
 again to look, to see if he were near;



at length a glitt'ring troop far off she spies,
perceives the throng and hears the shouts and cries.

'Lo! yonder now, at length he comes,' saith she:
'look, my good women, where he is in sight!
do you not see him yonder? that is he,
mounted on that white courser, all in white.

There! where the thronging troops of people be;
I know him by his seat, he sits upright:
lo, now he bows! dear Lord! with what sweet grace!
how long have I long'd to behold that face!

'O what delight my heart takes by mine eye!
I doubt me, when he comes but something near,
I shall set wide the window. What care I
who doth see me, so him I may see clear?'
Thus doth false joy delude her wrongfully
(sweet lady)! in the thing she held so dear:
for, nearer come, she finds she had mistook;
and him she mark'd was Henry Bolingbroke.

Then envy takes the place in her sweet eyes,
where sorrow had prepar'd herself a seat; [rise,
and words of wrath from whence complaints should
proceed from eager looks, and brows that threat:
'Traitor!' saith she; 'is 't thou, that in this wise,
to brave thy lord and king, art made so great?
and have mine eyes done unto me this wrong
to look on thee? for this staid I so long?

'Ah! have they grac'd a perjur'd rebel so?
well; for their error I will weep them out,
and hate the tongue defil'd, that prais'd my foe,
and loath the mind, that gave me not to doubt.
What! have I added shame unto my woe?
I'll look no more: ladies! look you about,
and tell me if my lord be in this train;



lest my betraying eyes should err again.'

And in this passion turns herself away :—
the rest look all, and careful note each wight ;
while she impatient of the least delay,
demands again ; ' And what not yet in sight ?
Where is my lord ? What, gone some other way ?
I muse at this. O God ! grant all go right !'

Then to the window goes again at last,
and sees the chiefest train of all was past ;
and sees not him her soul desir'd to see :
and yet Hope, spent, makes her not leave to look,
At last, her love-quick eyes, which ready be,
fastens on one ; whom tho' she never took
could be her lord, yet that sad cheer which he
then shew'd, his habit, and his woeful look,
the grace he doth in base attire retain,
caus'd her she could not from his sight refrain.

' What might he be,' she said, ' that thus alone
rides pensive in this universal joy ?

Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan ;
all are not pleas'd with every thing this day.
It may be he laments the wrong is done
unto my lord ; and grieves, as well he may.
Then he is some of ours ; and we, of right,
must pity him, who pities our sad plight.

But stay ! is 't not my Lord himself I see ?
In truth, if 't were not for his base array,
I verily should think that it were he ;
and yet his baseness doth a grace bewray—
yet God forbid ! let me deceived be !
and be it not my lord ! although it may !
let my desire make vows against desire !
and let my sight approve my sight a liar !
' Let me but see him, like himself ! a king ;



for so he left me ; so he did remove.

This is not he, this feels some other thing ;

a passion of dislike, or else of love !

O yes ! 't is he ! that princely face doth bring

the evidence of majesty to prove :

that face, I have conferr'd, which now I see,

with that within my heart, and they agree !

Thus as she stood, assur'd, and yet in doubt ;

wishing to see, what seen she griev'd to see ;

having belief, yet fain would be without ;

knowing, yet striving not to know 't was he :

her heart relenting, yet her heart so stout

as would not yield to think what was, could be :

till, quite condemn'd by open proof of sight,

she must confess ; or else deny the light.

For, whether love in him did sympathize,

or chance so wrought, to manifest her doubt,

ev'n just before, where she thus secret pries,

he stays, and, with clear face, looks all about ;

when she, ' 'T is, oh, too true ! I know his eyes !

alas, it is my own dear lord !' cries out ;

and with that cry, sinks down upon the floor.

Abundant grief lack'd words to utter more.

Then, like a torrent had been stopt before,

tears, sighs and words doubled together flow ;

confus'dly striving whether should do more,

the true intelligence of grief to show.

Sighs hinder'd words ; words perish'd in their store :

both intermix'd in one, together grow.

One would do all : the other, more than's part ;

both being equal agents from the heart.

'What !' (intermixing words and tears) said she,

'are these the triumph for thy victories ?



Is this the glory thou dost bring with thee,
from that unhappy Irish enterprize?
And have I made so many vows to see
thy safe return, and see thee in this wise?
Is this the look'd-for comfort thou dost bring?
to come a captive, that went out a king?

'And yet, dear lord! though thy ungrateful land
hath left thee thus, yet I will take thy part:
I do remain the same; under thy hand
thou still dost rule the kingdom of my heart.
If all be lost, that government doth stand;
and that shall never from thy rule depart:
and so thou be, I care not how thou be:
let greatness go, so it go without thee;

'And welcome come, how-so unfortunate!
I will applaud what others do despise:
I love thee for thyself, not for thy state:
more than thyself, is what without thee lies:
let that more go, if it be in thy fate!
and having but thyself, it will suffice:
I married was not to thy crown, but thee;
and thou, without a crown, all one to me.

'But why do I here lurking idly, moan
and wail apart, and in a single part
make several grief? which should be both in one,
the touch being equal of each other's heart.
Ah, no! sweet lord! thou must not moan alone;
for, without me, thou art not all thou art;
nor my tears, without thine, are fully tears:
full sorrow in our mingled griefs appears.—
No: I will cheer thy state; and thou shalt find
thy loving queen maintains a royal mind.'





This little sonnet was written by Sir Henry Wotton, knight, on that amiable princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sep. 5, 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan. This song is printed from the "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ," 1651, with some corrections from an old MS. copy. *Percy.*

You meaner beauties of the night,
 which poorly satisfie our eies
 more by your number, than your light;
 you common people of the skies,
 what are you when the sun shall rise?

Ye violets that first appeare,
 by your pure purple mantles known,
 like the proud virgins of the yeare,
 as if the spring were all your own;
 what are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
 that warble forth dame nature's layes,
 thinking your passions understood
 by your weak accents: what 's your praise,
 when Philomell her voyce shall raise?

So when my mistres shal be seene
 in sweetnesse of her looks and minde;
 by virtue first, then choyce a queen;
 tell me, if she was not design'd
 th' eclypse and glory of her kind?





THE NOT-BROWNE MAYDE.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's Henry and Emma, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. Mat. Prior published this poem in 1718, as then "300 years old." The editor of the "Prolusions," 8vo. 1760, thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500. *Percy.*

Be it ryght or wrong, these men among
 on women do coniplayne;
 affyrmynge this, how that it is
 a labour spent in vayne,
 to love them wele; for never a dele
 they love a man agayne:
 for late a man do what he can,
 theyr favour to attayne,
 yet yf a newe do them pursue,
 theyr first true lover than
 laboureth for nought; for from her thought
 he is a banyshed man.

I say nat, nay, but that all day
 it is bothe writ and sayd
 that womans fayth is, as who sayth,
 all utterly decayed;
 but, nevertheless, ryght good wytnesse
 in this case might be layd,
 that they love true, and continue:
 recorde the not-browne mayde:
 which, when her love came, her to prove,
 to her to make his mone,

wolde nat depart; for in her hart
she loved but hym alone.

Than betwaine us late us dyscus
what was all the manere
betwayne them two: we wyll also
tell all the payne, and fere,
that she was in. Nowe I begyn,
so that ye me ansuere;
wherefore, all ye, that present be,
I pray you, gyve an ere.
'I am the knyghte; I come by nyght,
as secret as I can;
sayinge, alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man.'

She. And I your wyll for to fulfyll
in this wyll nat refuse;
trustyng to shewe, in wordès fewe
that men have an yll use
(to theyr own shame) women to blame,
and causelesse them accuse;
therfore to you I answere nowe,
all women to excuse,—
myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. It standeth so; a dede is do
whereof grete harme shall growe;
my destiny is for to dy
a shamefull deth, I trowe;
or elles to fle: the one must be;
none other way I knowe,
but to withdraw as an outlaw,



and take me to my bowe.
Wherefore, adue, mine owne hart true !
none other rede I can ;
for I must to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. O lord; what is this worldys blysse,
that changeth as the mone !
my somers day in lusty may
is derked before the none.
I here you say, farewell ; nay, nay,
we départ nat so sone :
why say ye so ? wheder wyll ye go ?
alas ! what have ye done ?
All my welfäre to sorrowe and care
sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone ;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. I can beleve, it shall you greve,
and somewhat you dystrayne ;
but afterwarde, your paynes harde
within a day or twayne
shall sone aslake ; and ye shall take
comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought ? for, to make thought,
your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do ; and pray you to,
as hartely, as I can ;
for I must to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
the secret of your mynd,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
lyke as ye shall me fynde :



syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
shall never be sayd, the not-browne mayde
was to her love unkynde:
make you redy, for so am I,
allthough it were anone;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Yet I you rede to take good hede
what men wyll thynke, and say:
of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
that ye be gone away;
your wanton wyll for to fulfyll
in grene wode yon to play;
and that ye myght from your delyght
no longer make delay:
rather that ye sholde thus for me
be called an yll womàn,
yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. Tho' it be songe of old and yonge,
that I shoulde be to blame,
theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
in hurtyng of my name:
for I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
it is devoy'd of shame;
in your dystresse, and hevynesse,
to part with you, the same;
and sure all tho' that do not so,
true lovers are they none:
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. I counceyle you, remember howe
it is no maydens lawe,

nothyng to dout, but to renne out
to wode with an outlawe:
for ye must there in your hand bere
a bowe, redy to drawe;
and, as a thefe, thus must ye lyve,
ever in drede and awe;
wherby to you grete harme myght growe:
yet had I lever than,
that I had to the grene wode go,
alone, a banished man.

She. I thinke nat, nay, but as ye say,
it is no maydens lore:
but love may make me for your sake,
as I have sayd before,
to come on fote, to hunt, and shote,
to gete us mete in store;
for so that I your company
may have, I aske no more:
from which to part, it maketh my hart
as colde as ony stone;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. For an outlawe this is the lawe,
that men hym take and bynde
without pytè, hanged to be,
and waver with the wynde.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
what rescous coude ye fynde?
forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
for fere wolde drawe behynde:
and no mervayle: for lytell avayle
were in your counceyle than:
wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. Ryghte wele knowe ye, that women be
 but feble for to fyght;
 no womanhede it is indede
 to be bolde as a knyght:
 yet, in such fere yf that ye were
 with enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 to greve them as I myght,
 and you to save; as woman have
 from deth men many one:
 for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
 that ye coude nat sustayne
 the thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
 the snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 the colde, the hete: for dry, or wete,
 we must lodge on the playne
 and, us above, none other rose
 but a brake bush, or twayne:
 which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;
 and ye wolde gladly than
 that I had to the grene wode go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. Syth I have here bene partynèr
 with you of joy and blysse,
 I must also parte of your wo
 endure, as reson is:
 yet am I sure of one plesùre;
 and, shortely, it is this:
 that, where ye be, me semeth, pardẽ,
 I coude nat fare amysse.
 Without more speche, I you beseche



that we were sone agone :
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
when ye have lust to dyne,
there shall no mete be for you gete,
nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
Ne shetès clene, to lye betwene,
maden of threde and twyne ;
none other house, but leves and bowes,
to cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète
sholde make you pale and wan ;
wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. Amonge the wylde dere, such a archère,
as men say that ye be,
ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
where is so grete plentè :
and water clere of the ryvère
shall be full swete to me ;
with which in hele I shall ryght wele
endure, as ye shall see :
and, or we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone ;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Lò yet, before, ye must do more,
yf ye wyll go with me :
as cut your here up by your ere,
your kyrtel by the kne ;
with bowe in hande for to withstande
your enemyes, yf nede be :

and this same nyght before day-lyght,
to wode-warde wyll I fle.

Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
do it shortely as ye can;
els wyll I to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. I shall as nowe do more for you
than longeth to womanhede;
to shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
to shote in tyme of nede.

O my swete mother, before all other
for you I have most drede:
but nowe, adue! I must ensue,
where fortune doth me lede.

All this make ye: nowe let us fle;
the day cometh fast upon;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go,
and I shall tell ye why,—
your appetyght is to be lyght
of love, I wele espy:
for, lyke as ye have sayd to me,
in lyke wyse hardely
ye wolde answer whosoever it were,
in way of company.

It is sayd of olde, sone hote, sone colde;
and so is a woman;
wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
alone, a banyshed man,

She. Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
such wordes to say by me;
for oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,

or I you loved, pardè :
and though that I of auncestry
a barons daughter be,
yet have you proved howe I you loved
a squyer of lowe degré,
and ever shall, whatso befall ;
to dy therfore anone ;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde,
I love but you alone.

He. A barons chylde to be begylde !
it were a cursed dede ;
to be felawe with an outlawe !
almighty God forbede !
yet better were the pore squyere
alone to forest yede,
than ye sholde say another day,
that, by my cursed dede,
ye were betrayd : wherfore, good mayde,
the best rede that I can,
is, that I to the grene wode go,
alone, a banyshed man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall
of this thyng you upbrayd ;
but yf ye go, and leve me so,
than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that you dele ;
for, yf ye, as ye sayd,
be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
your love the not-browne mayde,
trust me truly, that I shall dy
sone after ye be gone ;
for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

He. Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
 for in the forest nowe
 I have purveyed me of a mayde,
 whom I love more than you;
 another fayrèrè, than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe;
 and of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
 with other, as I trowe:
 it were myne ese to lyve in pese;
 so wyll I, yf I can;
 wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
 alone, a banyshed man.

She. Though in the wode I undyrstode
 ye had a paramour,
 all this may nought remove my thought,
 but that I wyll be your:
 and she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
 and courteys every hour;
 glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 commaunde me to my power:
 for had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 'of them I wolde be one,'
 for, in my mynde, of all mankynde,
 I love but you alone.

He. Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
 that ye be kynde, and true;
 of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
 the best that ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 the case is chaunged newe;
 for it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 ye sholde have cause to rewe:
 be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd

to you, whan I began ;
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
 I am no banyshed man.

She. These tydings be more gladd to me,
 than to be made a quene,
 yf I were sure they sholde endure :
 but it is often sene,
 whan men wyll breke promyse; they speke
 the wordes on the splene.
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 and stele from me, I wene:
 than, were the case worse than it was,
 and I more wo-begone:
 for, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall nat nede further to drede ;
 I wyll nat dysparage
 you, (God defend !) syth ye descend
 of so grete a lynage.
 Nowe undyrstande ; to Westmarlande,
 which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge ; and with a rynge,
 by way of maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make,
 as shortely as I can ;
 thus have you won an erlys son,
 and not a banyshed man.'

Author. ' Here may ye se, that women be
 in love, meke, kynde, and stable :
 late never man reprove them than,
 or call them variable ;
 but rather, pray God, that we may
 to them be comfortable ;

which sometyne proveth such, as he loveth,
 yf they be charytable.
 For syth men wolde than women sholde
 be meke to them each one;
 moche more ought they to God obey,
 and serve but hym alone.

VERSES BY QUEEN ELIZABETH

while prisoner at Woodstock;—written with charcoal on a shutter
 —are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his travels elegantly re-
 printed at Strawberry-hill.

Oh, Fortune! how they restlesse wavering state
 hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
 witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
 could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
 Thou causedst the guiltie to be losed
 from bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
 causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
 and freeing those that death had well deserved.
 But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
 so God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. M D L V,

Elizabethe, Prisonner.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

The following sonnet is extracted from a long pastoral piece of the
 author's, intitled, "The Mistresse of Philarete," 8vo. which is said in the
 preface to be one of the author's first poems: and may therefore be dat-
 ed as early as 1613.

Percy.

Shall I, wasting in despaire,
 dye because a woman's faire?

or make pale my cheeks with care
'cause another's rosie are?
Be shee fairer then the day,
or the flowery meads in May;
if shee think not well of me,
what care I how fair shee be?

Shall my heart be griev'd or pin'd,
'cause I see a woman kind?

or a well-disposed nature
joyned with a lovely feature?

Be shee meeker, kinder than
the turtle-dove or pelican;

if shee be not so to me,
what care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
me to perish for her love?

Or her well-deservings knowne,
make me quite forget mine owne?

Be shee with that goodnesse blest
which may merit name of best;

if shee be not such to me,
what care I how good shee be?

'Cause her fortune seems to high,
shall I play the foole and die?

Those that beare a noble minde,
where they want of riches find,
think what with them they would doe,
that without them dare to woe;

and unlesse that minde I see,
what care I though great shee be?

Great or good, or kind, or faire,
I will ne'er the more despaire;

if shee love me, this beleewe,
I will die ere shee shall grieve;
if shee slight me when I woove,
I can scorne and let her goe:
if shee be not fit for me,
what care I for whom shee be?

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances of this popular story of King Henry 2, and the beautiful Rosamond, have been taken for fact by our English historians. Rosamond, the daughter of Walter lord Chifford, was concubine to Henry 2, and dyed at Woodstock, A. D. 1177. Her body was conveyed to the nunnery of Godstow, to which her father had been a great benefactor, and where she had resided in the innocent part of her life, in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh, Bishop of London caused it to be removed.

When as king Henry rulde this land,
the second of that name,
besides the queene, he dearly lovde
a faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
her favour, and her face;
a sweeter creature in this worlde
could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
appeard to each mans sight;
her sparkling eyes, like orient pearles,
did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
did such a colour drive,
as tho' the lillye and the rose
for mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, faire Rosamonde,
her name was called so,
to whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence
against the furious queene,
at Woodstocke builded such a bower,
the like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
of stone and timber strong,
an hundered and fifty doors
did to this bower belong:

and they so cunninglye contriv'd
with turnings round about,
that none but with a clue of thread,
could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
that was so faire and bright,
the keeping of this bower he gave
unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
where she before did smile,
the kinges delighte and ladyes joy
full soon shee did beguile:

for why the kinges ungracious sonne,
whom he did high advance,
against his father raised warres
within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
the English land forsooke,
of Rosamonde, his lady faire,
his farewelle thus he tooke:

‘My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
that pleasest best mine eye:
the fairest flower in all the worlde
to feed my fantasye:

the flower of mine affected heart,
whose sweetness doth excelle:
my royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farewelle!

for I must leave my fairest flower,
my sweetest Rose, a space,
and cross the seas to famous France,
proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
my coming shortle see,
and in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee.’

When Rosamonde, that lady brighte,
did heare the king saye soe,
the sorrowe of her grieved heart
her outward lookes did showe;

and from her cleare and crystall eyes
the teares gusht out apace,
which like the silver-pearled dewe
ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
did waxe both wan and pale,
and for the sorrow she conceivde
her vitall spirits faile;

and falling down all in a swoone
before king Henryes face,
full oft he in his princelye armes
her bodye did embrace:

and twentye times, with watery eyes,
he kist her tender cheeke,
untill he had revivde againe
her senses milde and meeke.

‘Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?’
the king did often say.

‘Because,’ quoth shee, ‘to bloodye warres
my lord must part awaye.

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
amonge your foes unkinde
must goe to hazard life and limbe,
why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
your sworde and target beare;
that on my breast the blowes may lighte,
which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
prepare your bed at nighte,
and with sweete baths refresh your grace,
at your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye
no toile I will refuse;
but wanting you, my life is death;
nay, death Ild rather chuse!

‘Content thy self, my dearest love;
thy rest at home shall bee
in Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
for travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warries;
soft peace their sexe delightes;

“Not rugged camps, but courtlye bowers;

gay feastes, not cruell fightes."

My Rose shall safely here abide,
with musicke passe the daye;
whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
my foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
whilst I in armout dighte;
gay galliards here my love shall dance,
whilst I my foes go fighte.

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
to bee my loves defence;
be carefull of my gallant Rose
when I am parted hence.'

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would breake:
and Rosamonde, for very grieve,
not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
in heart be grieved sore:
after that daye faire Rosamonde
the king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
and into France was gone;
with envious heart, queene Ellinor,
to Woodstocke came anone.

And forth shee calls this trustye knighte,
in an unhappy houre;
who with his clue of twined thread,
came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
the queene this thread did gette,



and went where ladye Rosamonde
was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
beheld her beauteous face,
she was amazed in her minde
at her exceeding grace.

‘Cast off from thee those robes,’ shee said,
‘that riche and costlye bee;
and drink thou up this deadlye draught,
which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees
sweet Rosamonde did falle;
and pardon of the queene shee crav’d
for her offences all.

‘Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,’
faire Rosamonde did crye;
and lett mee not with poison stronge
enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
and in some cloyster bide;
or else be banisht, if you please,
to range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done,
tho’ I was forced theretoe,
preserve my life, and punish mee,
as you thinke meet to doe.’

And with those words, her lillie handes
she wrunge full often there;
and downe along her lovelye face
did trickle many a teare.



But nothing could this furious queene
therewith appeased bee ;
the cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
as shee knelt on her knee,
she gave this comelye dame to drinke ;
who tooke it in her hand,
and from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand :
and casting up her eyes to heaven,
shee did for mercy calle ;
and drinking up the poison stronge,
her life shee lost withalle.
And when that death through everye limbe
had showde it's greatest spite,
her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
shee was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did entomb,
when life was fled away,
at Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
as may be seene this day.



THE LYE,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
upon a thanklesse arrant ;
feare not to touche the best,
the truth shall be thy warrant :
goe, since, I needs must dye,
and give the world the lye.

Goe tell the court, it glowes
and shines like rotten wood ;



goe tell the church it showes
what's good, and doth no good :
if church and court reply,
then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
acting by others actions ;
not lov'd unlesse they give,
not strong but by their factions :
if potentates reply,
give potentates the lye,

Tell men of high condition,
that rule affairs of state,
their purpose is ambition,
their practice onely hate ;
and if they once reply,
then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
they beg for more by spending,
who in their greatest cost
seek nothing but commending ;
and if they make reply,
spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion ;
tell love, it is but lust ;
tell time, it is but motion ;
tell flesh, it is but dust ;
and wish them not reply,
for thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth ;
tell honour, how it alters ;
tell beauty, how she blasteth :
tell favour how she falters ;

and as they shall reply,
give each of them the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
in tickle points of nicenesse;
tell wisdom, she entangles
herselfe in over-wisenesse;
and if they do reply,
straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse
tell skill, it is pretension;
tell charity of coldness;
tell law, it is contention;
and as they yield reply,
so give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;
tell nature of decay;
tell friendship of unkindnesse;
tell justice of delay:
and if they dare reply,
then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
but vary by esteeming;
tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,
and stand too much on seeming:
if arts and schooles reply,
give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
tell how the countrey erreth;
tell, manhood shakes off pitie;
tell, vertue least preferreth:
and, if they doe reply,
spare not to give the lye.

So when thou hast, as I
commanded thee, done blabbing,
although to give the lye
deserves no less than stabbing,
yet stab at thee who will,
no stab the soule can kill.



KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story Ile tell you anon,
of a notable prince, that was called king John ;
and he ruled England with maine and with might,
for he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrie,
concerning the Abbot of Canterburie ,
how for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
they rode post for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
the abbot kept in his house every day ;
and fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
in velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
and for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne ;
and I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
for spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
and now for the same thou needest must dye ;

for except thou canst answer me questions three,
thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I 'm in this stead,
with my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
among all my liege-men so noble of birthe
thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
how soone I may ride the whole world about;
and at the third question thou must not shrink,
but tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
but if you will give me but three weeks space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
and that is the longest time thou hast to live;
for if thou dost not answer my questions three,
thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mec.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
and he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
but never a doctor there was so wise,
that could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
and he mett his shepherd a going to fold:
how now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home:
what newes do you bring us from good king John?

' Sad news, sad newes, shepherd, I must give;
that I have but three days more to live:
for if I do not answer him questions three,
my head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
with his crowne of golde so fair on his head,



among all his liege men so noble of birth,
to within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
how soone he may ride this whole world about :
and at the third question I must not shrink,
but tell him there truly what he does thinke.'

' Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
that a fool he may learn a wise man witt?
lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
and I le ride to London to answer your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath been told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee :
and if you will but lend me your gowne,
there is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.'

' Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
with sumptuous array most gallant and brave ;
with crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.'

' Now welcome, sire abbot,' the king he did say,
' 'Tis well thou 'rt come back to keepe thy day ;
for an if thou canst answer my questions three
thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
with my crown of golde so fair on my head,
among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

' For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
among the false Jewes, as I have bin told ;
and twentye nine is the worth of thee,
for I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee.'

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,*
 I did not thinke I had been worth so littel!
 —Now secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
 how soone I may ride this whole world about.

‘ You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
 until the next morning he riseth againe;
 and then your grace need not make any doubt,
 but in twenty-four hours you ’ll ride it about.’

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
 ‘ I did not think, it could be gone so soone!
 —Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
 but tell me here truly what I do thinke.’

‘ Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
 you thinke I ’m the abbot of Canterbury;
 but I ’m his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
 that am come to beg pardon for him and for mee.’

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
 ‘ Ile make the lord abbot this day in his place!’
 ‘ Nowe naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
 for alacke I can neither write, ne reade.’

‘ Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee,
 for this merry jest thou hast shōwn unto mee;
 and tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
 thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.’

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

Hence away, you syrens, leave me,
 and unclaspe your wanton armes;
 sugred words shall ne’er deceive me,
 (tho’ you prove a thousand charmes).
 Fie, fie, forbear;

*Meaning probably St. Botolph,



no common snare
could ever my affection chaine:
your painted baits,
and poore deceits,
are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I 'm no slave to such as you be;
neither shall a snowy brest
wanton eye, or lip of ruby
ever robb me of my rest:
goe, goe, display
your beautie's ray
to some ore-soone enamour'd swaine:
those common wiles
of sighs and smiles
are all bestowed on me in vaine.

I have elsewhere vow'd a dutie;
turne away your tempting eyes:
show not me a naked beautie;
those impostures I despise:
my spirit lothes
where gawdy clothes
and fained othes may love obtaine:
I love her so,
whose looke sweares No;
that all your labours will be vaine.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
which on every brest are worne;
that may plucke the spotless roses
from their never-touched thorne?
I can goe rest
on her sweet brest,
that is the pride of Cynthia's traine:
then hold your tongues;



your mermaid songs
are all bestowed on me in vaine.

Hee 's a foole, that basely dallies,
where each peasant mates with him:
shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
whilst ther's noble hills to climbe?

no, no, though clownes
are skar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine;
and those Ile prove:
so shall your love

be all bestowed on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a dutie,
where each lustfull lad may wooe:
give me her, whose sun-like beautie
buzzards dare not soare unto:

shee, shee it is
affoords that blisse
for which I would refuse no paine:
but such as you,
fond fooles, adieu;
you seeke to captive me in vaine.

Leave me then, you syrens, leave me;
seeke no more to worke my harmes:
craftie wiles cannot deceive me,
who am prooffe against your charmes:

you labour may
to lead astray
the heart, that constant shall remaine:
and I the while
will sit and smile
to see you spend your time in vaine,





THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

The subject of this very popular-ballad (which has been set in so favourable a light by the Spectator, no. 85.) seems to be taken from an old play, intitled "Two lamentable Tragedies, the one of the murder of Maister Beech, a chandler in Thames-streete, &c. The other of a young child murdered in a wood by two ruffians, with the consent of his unkle. By Rob. Yarrington, 1601, 4to."

Now ponder well, ye parents deare,
 these wordes, which I shall write;
 a doleful story you shall heare,
 in time brought forth to light:
 a gentleman of good account
 in Norfolke dwelt of late,
 who did in honour far surmount
 'most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to dye,
 no helpe his life could save;
 his wife by him as sick did lye,
 and both possest one grave.
 No love between these two was lost
 each was to other kinde,
 in love they liv'd, in love they dyed,
 and left two babes behinde;

the one a fine and pretty boy,
 not passing three yeares olde;
 the other a girl more young than he,
 and fram'd in beautyes molde.

The father left his little son,
 as plainly doth appeare,
 when he to perfect age should come,
 three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
five hundred pounds in gold,
to be paid downe on marriage-day,
which might not be controll'd:
but if the children chance to dye,
ere they to age should come,
their uncle should possesse their wealth;
for so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
look to my children deare;
be good unto my boy and girl,
no friendes else have they here:
to God and you I recommend
my children deare this daye;
but little while be sure we have
within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
and uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them,
when I am dead and gone.
With that bespake their mother deare,
O brother kinde, quoth shee,
you are the man must bring our babes
to wealth or miserie:

and if you keep them carefully,
then God will you reward;
but if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deedes regard.
With lippes as cold as any stone,
they kist their children small:
God bless you both, my children deare!
with that the teares did fall.



These speeches then their brother spake
to this sicke couple there,
the keeping of your little ones
sweet sister, do not feare;
God never prosper me nor mine,
nor aught else that I have,
if I do wrong your children deare,
when you are layd in grave.

The parents being dead and gone,
the children home he takes,
and bringes them straite unto his house,
where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
a twelvemonth and a daye,
but for their wealth, he did devise
to make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
which were of furious mood,
that they should take these children youn,
and slaye them in a wood:
he told his wife an artful tale,
he would the children send
to be brought up in fair London,
with one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
rejoicing at that tide,
rejoicing with a merrye minde,
they should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
as they rode on the waye,
to those that should their butchers be,
and work their lives decaye.

So that the pretty speeche they had,
made Murders heart relent;
and they that undertooke the deed,
full sore did now repent.

Yet one of them more hard of heart,
did vowe to do his charge,
because the wretch that hired him,
had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
so here they fall to strife;
with one another they did fight,
about the childrens life:
and he that was of mildest mood,
did slaye the other there,
within an unfrequented wood,
while babes did quake for feare.

He tooke the children by the hand,
teares standing in their eye,
and bad them straitwaye follow him,
and look they did not crye:
and two long miles he ledd them on,
while they for food complaine:
staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
when I come backe againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
went wandering up and downe,
but never more could see the man
approaching from the town:
their prettye lippes with black-berries,
were all besmear'd and dyed,
and when they saw the darksome night,
they sat them downe and cryed.



Thus wandered these poor innocents,
till deathe did end their grief,
in one anothers armes they dyed,
as wanting due relief:
no burial this pretty pair
of any man receives,
till robin-red-breast piously
did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrathe of God
upon their uncle fell;
yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
his conscience felt an hell:
his barnes were fir'd, his goodes consum'd,
his landes were barren made,
his cattle dyed within the field,
and nothing with him stayd.

And in a voyage to Portugal
two of his sonnes did dye;
and to conclude, himselfe was brought
to want and miserye:
he pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
ere seven yeares came about.
And now at length this wicked act
did by this meanes come out.

The fellowe, that did take in hand
these children for to kill,
was for a robbery judged to dye,
such was Gods blessed will;
who did confess the very truth,
as here hath been display'd:
their uncle having dyed in gaol,
where he for debt was layd.

~~~~~  
You that executors be made,  
and overseers eke  
of children that be fatherless,  
and infants mild and meek ;  
take you example by this thing,  
and yield to each his right,  
lest God with such like miserye  
your wicked minds requite.

~~~~~

CONSTANT PENELOPE.

When Greeks, and Trojans fell at strife,
and lords in armour bright were seen ;
when many a gallant lost his life
about fair Hellen, beauties queen ;
Ulysses, general so free,
did leave his dear Penelope.

When she this wofull news did hear,
that he would to the warrs of Troy ;
for grief she shed full many a tear,
at parting from her only joy ;
her ladies all about her came,
to comfort up this Grecian dame.

Ulysses, with a heavy heart,
unto her then did mildly say,
the time is come that we must part ;
my honour calls me hence away ;
yet in my absence, dearest, be
my constant wife, Penelope.

Let me no longer live, she sayd,
than to my lord I true remain ;
my honour shall not be betray'd
untill I see my love again ;



for I will ever constant prove,
as is the loyal turtle-dove.

Thus did they part with heavy chear,
and to the ships his way he took ;
her tender eyes dropt many a tear ;
still casting many a longing look :
she saw him on the surges glide,
and unto Neptune thus she cry'd :

thou God, whose power is in the deep,
and rulest in the ocean main,
my loving lord in safety keep
till he return to me again :
that I his person may behold,
to me more precious far than gold.

Then straight the ships with nimble sails
where all convey'd out of her sight :
her cruel fate she then bewails,
since she had lost her hearts delight :
now shall my practice be, quoth she,
true vertue and humility.

My patience I will put in ure,
my charity I will extend ;
since for my woe there is no cure,
the helpless now I will befriend :
the widow and the fatherless,
I will relieve, when in distress.

Thus she continued year by year
in doing good to every one ;
her fame was noised every where,
to young and old the same was known ;
no company that she would mind,
who were to vanity inclin'd.

Mean while Ulysses fought for fame,
'mongst Trojans hazarding his life:
young gallants, hearing of her name,
came flocking for to tempt his wife:
for she was lovely, young, and fair,
no lady might with her compare.

With costly gifts and jewels fine,
they did endeavour her to win;
with banquets and the choicest wine,
for to allure her unto sin:
most persons were of high degree,
who courted fair Penelope.

With modesty and comely grace,
their wanton suits she did denye;
no tempting charms could e'er deface
her dearest husband's memorye;
but constant she would still remain,
hoping to see him once again.

Her book her dayly comfort was,
and that she often did peruse;
she seldom looked in her glass;
powder and paint she ne'er would use:
I wish all ladies were as free
from pride, as was Penelope.

She in her needle took delight,
and likewise in her spinning-wheel:
her maids about her every night
did use the distaff and the reel:
the spiders, that on rafters twine,
scarce spin a thread more soft and fine.

Sometimes she would bewail the loss
and absence of her dearest love:



sometimes she thought the seas to cross,
her fortune on the waves to prove :
I fear my lord is slain, quoth she,
he stays so from Penelope.

At length the ten years siege of Troy
did end ; in flames the city burn'd ;
and to the Grecians was great joy,
to see the towers to ashes turn'd :
then came Ulysses home to see
his constant, dear, Penelope.

O blame her not if she was glad,
when she her lord again had seen.
Thrice-welcome home, my dear, she said,
a long time absent thou hast been :
the wars shall never more deprive
me of my lord whilst I 'm alive.

Fair ladies all example take ;
and hence a worthy lesson learn,
all youthful follies to forsake,
and vice from vertue to discern :
and let all women strive to be,
as constant as Penelope.



THE WOUNDED FAWN,

BY ANDREW MARVEL.

The wanton troopers riding by,
have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men ! they cannot thrive
who kill'd thee : thou ne'er didst, alive,
them any harm : alas ! nor could
thy death yet do them any good.



I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
nor do I for all this—nor will—
but, if my simple prayers may yet
prevail with heaven to forget
thy murder, I will join my tears
rather than fail. But, O my fears!
it cannot die so: heaven's King
keeps register of every thing;
and nothing we may use in vain,
ev'n beast must be with justice slain;
else men are made their deodands:
tho' they should wash their guilty hands
in this warm life-blood, which doth part
from thine, and wound me to the heart!
yet could they not be clean: their stain
is dy'd in such a purple grain.

There is not such another in
the world, to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
one morning (I remember well)
ty'd in this silver chain and bell,
give it to me; nay, and I know
what he then said, I'm sure I do.
Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
hath taught a fawn to hunt his dear.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd:
this waxed tame, while he grew wild,
and, quite regardless of my smart,
left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
my solitary time away
with this: and very well content
could so mine idle life have spent.



For it was full of sport : and light
of foot, and heart ; and did invite
me to it's game : it seem'd to bless
itself in me : how could I less
than love it ? O, I cannot be
unkind t' a beast that loveth me !

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
whether it too might have done so
as Sylvio did : his gifts might be,
perhaps, as false or more than he :
but I am sure, for ought that I
could in so short a time espy,
thy love was far more better than
the love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at my own fingers nurst ;
and as it grew, so every day
it wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
it blush'd to see it's foot more soft
and white, than—shall I say my hand ?
nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wond'rous thing, how fleet
't was on those little silver feet !
with what a pretty skipping grace
it oft would challenge me the race ;
and when 't had left me far away,
't would stay, and run again, and stay :
for it was nimbler much than hinds ;
and trod, as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
but so with roses overgrown,
and lilies, that you would it guess
to be a little wilderness :



and all the spring-time of the year
it only loved to be there.

Among the bed of lilies, I
have sought it oft, were it should lie ;
yet could not, till itself should rise,
find it although before my eyes :
for, in the flaxen lilies shade,
it like a band of lilies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed,
until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed ;
and then to me would boldly trip,
and print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
on roses thus itself to fill ;
and its pure virgin limbs to fold
in whitest sheets of lilies cold.

Had it liv'd long, it would have been
lilies without, roses within.

O help ! O help ! I see it faint—
and die—as calmly as a saint—
See how it weeps ! the tears do come
sad slowly dropping, like a gum.
So weeps the wounded balsam ! so
the holy frankincense doth flow !
the brotherless Heliades
melt in such amber tears as these.

I, in a golden vial, will
keep these two crystal tears ; and fill
it, till it overflow with mine :
then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to
whither the swans and turtles go :
in fair Elysium to endure,
with milk-white lambs, and ermines pure.

O do not run too fast, for I
will but bespeak thy grave, and die!

First, my unhappy statue shall
be cut in marble; and withal
let it be weeping too;—but there
th' engraver sure his art may spare!
for I so truly thee bemoan,
that I shall weep though I be stone;
until my tears, still dropping, wear
my breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid,
of purest alabaster made;
for I would have thine image be
white as I can, though not as thee.



THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

From an ancient copy in black-print, in the Pepys collection. Mr. Addison has pronounced this an excellent ballad: see the Spectator, no. 248.

In Bath a wanton wife did dwelle,
as Chaucer he doth write;
who did in pleasure spend her dayes,
and many a fond delight.

Upon a time sore sicke she was,
and at the length did dye;
and then her soul at heaven gate
did knocke most mightilye.

First Adam came unto the gate:
who knocketh there? quoth hee.
I am the wife of Bath, she sayd,
and faine would come to thee.

Thou art a sinner, Adam sayd,
and here no place shalt have.
And so art thou, I trowe, quoth shee;
now, gip, you doting knave.

I will come in, in spight, she sayd,
of all such churles as thee;
thou wert the causer of our woe,
our paine and misery:

and first broke Gods commandiments,
in pleasure of thy wife.—

When Adam heard her tell this tale,
he ranne away for life.

Then downe came Jacob at the gate
and bids her packe to hell;
thou false deceiving knave, quoth shee,
thou mayst be there as well:

for thou deceiv'dst thy father deare,
and thine own brother too.

Away slunk Jacob presently,
and made no more adoo.

She knockes again with might and maine,
and Lot he chides her strait.

How now, quoth shee, thou drunken ass,
who bade thee here to prate?

with thy two daughters thou didst lye,
on them two bastardes got.

And thus most tauntingly she chaft
against poor silly Lot.

Who calleth there, quoth Judith then,
with such shrill sounding notes?

This fine minkes surely came not here,
quoth she, for cutting throats.

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame;
when she heard her say soe!

King David hearing of the same,
he to the gate would goe.

Quoth David, who knockes there so loud,
and maketh all this strife?

You were more kinde, good sir, she sayd;
unto Uriah's wife.

And when thy servant thou didst cause
in battle to be slaine;
thou causedst far more strife than I,
who would come here so faine.

The woman's mad, quoth Solomon,
that thus doth taunt a king.

Not half so mad as you, she sayd,
I trowe in manye a thing:

thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,
for whom thou didst provide;
and yet, god wot, three hundred whores
thou must maintaine beside:

and they made thee forsake thy God,
and worship stockes and stones;
besides the charge they put thee to
in breeding of young bones.

Hadst thou not bin beside thy wits,
thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd;
and therefore I do marvel much,
how thou this place hast enter'd.

I never heard, quoth Jonas, then,
so vile a scold as this.

Thou whore-son-run-away, quoth she,

thou diddest more amiss.

They say, quoth Thomas, womens tongues
of aspen-leaves are made.

Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth she,
all is not true that's sayd.

When Mary Magdalene heard her then,
she came unto the gate.

Quoth she, good woman you must think
upon your former state.

No sinner enters in this place,
quoth Mary Magdalene. Then

't were ill for you, fair mistress mine,
she answered her again :

you for your honestye, quoth she,
had once been ston'd to death ;

had not our Saviour Christ come by,
and written on the earth :

it was not by your occupation,
you are become divine :

I hope my soul in Christ his passion,
shall be as safe as thine.

Uprose the good apostle Paul,
and to this wife he cryed,

except thou shake thy sins away
thou here shalt be denyed.

Remember, Paul, what thou hast done,
all through a lewd desire :

how thou didst persecute God's church,
with wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter at the last,
and to the gate he hies :



fond fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,
thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said she, content thyselfe,
for mercye may be won;
I never did deny my Christ,
as thou thyselfe hast done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
with heavenly angels bright,
he comes unto this sinful soul;
who trembled at his sight.

Of him for mercye she did crave.
Quoth he, thou hast refus'd
my proffer'd grace, and mercye both,
and much my name abus'd.

Sore have I sinned, Lord, she sayd,
and spent my time in vaine;
but bring me like a wandring sheepe
into thy fold againe.

O Lord my God, I will amend
my former wicked vice:
the thief for one poor silly word
past into paradise.

My lawes and my commandiments,
sayth Christ, were knowne to thee;
but of the same in any wise,
not yet one word did yee.

I grant the same, O Lord, quoth she!
most lewdly did I live;
but yet the loving father did
his prodigal son forgive.

So I forgive thy soul, he sayd,
through thy repenting crye;

come enter then into my rest,
I will not thee denye.

Victorious men of earth, no more
proclaim how wide your empires are ;
though you binde in every shore,
and your triumphs reach as far
as night or day,
yet you proud monarchs must obey,
and mingle with forgotten ashes, when
death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
each able to undo mankind,
death's servile emissaries are :
nor to these alone confin'd,
he hath at will
more quaint and subtle wayes to kill ;
a smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

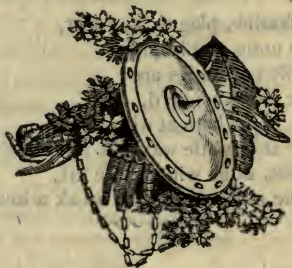
BY BEN JONSON.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
as you were going to a feast :
still to be poud'red, still perfum'd :
lady, it is to be presum'd,
though art's hid causes are not found,
all is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,
that makes simplicitie a grace ;



robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 such sweet neglect more taketh me,
 then all th' adulteries of art,
 that strike mine eyes, but not my heart.



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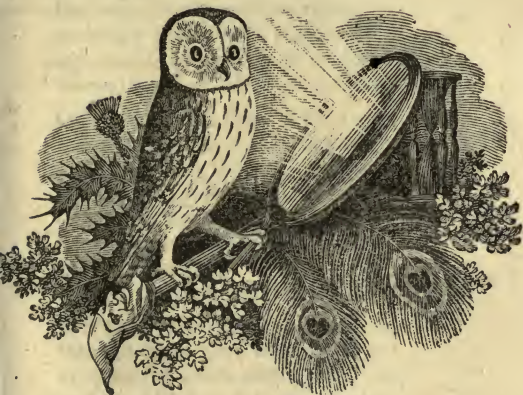
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SONGS.

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DESCRIPTIVE, MORAL, AND PASTORAL.
HUMOUROUS.



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THE EMBLEMATIC VIGNETTE

with which the title-page is embellished, was designed by Mr. *W. M. Craig*, and engraved on wood by Mr. *C. Nesbit*.—It represents mind, aided by reflection, trampling on folly, and disregarding the vanities of life.



DESCRIPTIVE, MORAL, & PASTORAL SONGS.

BY ——— PERCY.

O Nancy ! wilt thou go with me,
nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
can silent glens have charms for thee,
the lowly cot and russet gown ?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
no longer deck'd with jewels rare,
say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene
where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! when thou 'rt far away,
wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
nor shrink before the wintry wind ?
O can that soft and gentle mien
extremes of hardship learn to bear,
nor sad regret each courtly scene,
where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O Nancy ! can'st thou love so true,
through perils keen with me to go ?
or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
to share with him the pang of woe ?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
nor wistful those gay scenes recal
where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 and cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 and wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 strew flowers and drop the tender tear?
 nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
 where thou wert fairest of the fair?

THE SHEPHERDS' SONG.

We that have known no greater state
 than this we live in, praise our fate:
 for courtly silks in cares are spent,
 while country russet breeds content.

The power of sceptres we admire,
 but sheep-hooks for our use desire;
 simple and low is our condition,
 for here, with us, is no ambition;
 we with the sun our flocks unfold,
 whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
 "Our music from the birds we borrow,
 they bidding us, we them, good-morrow."

Our garments are but coarse and plain,
 yet they defend from wind and rain;
 as warm too, in an equal eye,
 as those which glare in scarlet dye.

The shepherd with his home-spun lass,
 as many merry hours doth pass
 as courtiers, with their costly girls,

so richly deck'd in gold and pearls ;
and, tho' but plain, to purpose woo,
nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
one stomach feed at once, no more ;
and when with homely fare we feast,
with us it doth as well digest ;
and many times we better speed,
for our wild fruits no surfeits breed.

If we sometimes the willow wear,
by subtle swains that dare forswear,
we wonder whence it comes, and fear
they 've been at court, and learnt it there.



One summer's eve as Nancy fair
sat spinning in the shade,
while soaring skylarks shook the air
in warblings o'er her head :
in tender cooes the pigeon woo'd ;
(love's impulse all must feel)
she sung, but still her work pursu'd,
and turn'd her spinning-wheel.

' While thus I work, with rock and reel,
so life by time is spun ;
and as runs round my spinning-wheel,
the world runs up and down :
some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
while I no changes feel,
but get my bread by sweat of brow,
and turn my spinning-wheel.

‘ From me let men and women too
this home-spun lesson learn:
not mind what other people do,
but eat the bread they earn.
If none were fed (were that to be)
but what deserv’d a meal,
some ladies then as well as me,
might turn the spinning-wheel.’



BY MRS. TAYLOR.

Ye virgin powers defend my heart
from am’rous looks and smiles,
from saucy love, or nicer art,
which most our sex beguiles.
From sighs, from vows, from awful fears
that do to pity move,
from speaking silence, and from tears,
those springs that water love.
But if through passion I grow blind,
let honour be my guide;
and where frail nature seems inclin’d,
there place a guard of pride.
A heart whose flames are seen, tho’ pure,
needs every virtue’s aid,
and those who think themselves secure,
the soonest are betray’d.



THE INVITATION,

BY — MARLOW.

Come live with me, and be my love,
and we will all the pleasures prove
that vallies, groves, or hills and fields,
and all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
by shallow rivers, to whose falls
melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
and a thousand fragrant posies,
a cap of flowers, and a kirtle
embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
which from our pretty lambs we'll pull;
fair lined slippers for the cold,
with buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
with coral clasps, and amber studs,
and if these pleasures may thee move,
come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
for thy delight each May morning:
if these delights thy mind may move,
then live with me, and be my love.



THE NYMPH'S REPLY,

BY SIR W. RALEIGH.

If all the world and love were young,
and truth in every shepherd's tongue,
these pretty pleasures might me move
to live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
when rivers rage, and rocks grow old,
and Philomel becometh dumb;
the rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
to wayward winter reck'ning yields;
a honey tongue, a heart of gall,
is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
in folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
all these in me no means can move
to come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
had joy no date, nor age no need;
then these delights my mind might move,
to live with thee, and be thy love.



BY JOHN MILTON.

Sweet Echo ! sweetest nymph, that lives unseen
within thy airy cell,
by slow meander's margin green,
and in the violet-embroider'd vale,
where the love-lorn nightingale
nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.
Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
that likest thy Narcissus are?
O ! if thou hast hid them in some flowery cave,
tell me but where, sweet Queen of Parley !
daughter of the sphere !—
so may'st thou be translated to the skies,
and give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies !



THE LASS OF THE HILL,

BY MISS MARY JONES.

On the brow of a hill a young shepherdess dwelt,
who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt;
for a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
that 't was better to earn, ere she eat her brown bread ;
that to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
and to folks in a cottage, contentment was wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau,
had many times try'd o'er her heart to prevail,
and would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale :
with his winning behaviour he melted her heart ;
but, quite artless herself, she suspected no art,



He had sigh'd and protested, had kneel'd and implor'd,
and could lie with the grandeur and air of a lord:
then her eyes he commended in language well drest,
and enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his breast;
till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her mind,
that in downright compassion to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he 'd melted the ice of her breast,
all the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd,
and at noon he goes flaunting all over the vale,
where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and Nell:
tho' he sees her but seldom, he 's always in haste,
and if ever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing and hanging her head,
and her thoughts are so pester'd she scarce earns her
bread;

the whole village cry shame, when a milking she goes,
that so little affection is shewn to the cows:

but she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on
and a fig for the cows, since her sweetheart is gone.

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay isle,
how ye yield up your hearts to a look or a smile:
for Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
and you 'll find a false Roger in every vale,
who to court you and tempt you will try all his skill;
but remember The lass on the brow of the hill.



The world, my dear Myra! is full of deceit,
and Friendship 's a jewel we seldom can meet;
how strange does it seem, that, in searching around,
this source of content is so rare to be found!
O Friendship! thou balm and rich sweet'ner of life!
kind parent of ease and composer of strife!

without thee, alas! what are riches and power,
but empty delusions, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend,
on whom we may always with safety depend!
our joys, when extended, will always increase;
and griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
When Fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere!
yet change but the prospect, and point out Distress,
no longer to court you they eagerly press.



As pensive Chloe walk'd alone,
the feather'd snow came softly down,
like Jove descending from his tower,
to court her in a silver shower:

the wanton flakes flew to her breast,
as little birds into their nest;
but overcome with whiteness there,
for grief dissolv'd into a tear!

thence falling on her garment's hem,
to deck her, froze into a gem.



BY MRS. BARBAULD.

Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be,
that boasts to love as well as me;
and if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
come hither and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
and by what marks true passion may be found,

It is to be all bath'd in tears ;
to live upon a smile for years ;
to lie whole ages at a beauty's feet ;
to kneel, to languish, and implore ;
and still tho' she disdain, adore :
it is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
with eager joy and fond surprise ;
yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
as wretches feel who wait their doom ;
nor must one ruder thought presume
tho' but in whispers breath'd to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost ;
tho' heaven and earth thy passion cross'd ;
tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,
and thou the least and meanest swain
that folds his flock upon the plain,
yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears ;
to nurse strange doubts and groundless fears :
if pangs of jealousy thou hast not prov'd,
tho' she were fonder and more true
than any nymph old poets drew,
oh never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If when the darling maid is gone,
thou dost not seek to be alone,
wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe ;
and muse, and fold thy languid arms,
feeding thy fancy on her charms,
thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share,
but those which love has planted there,

or any cares but his thy breast inthral,
 thou never yet his power hast known;
 Love sits on a despotic throne,
 and reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
 here all thy tender sorrows bring,
 and prove whose patience longest can endure.
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
 in dreams of fondest passion most;
 for if thou thus hast lov'd, oh never hope a cure!

When first on the plain I began to appear,
 and the shepherds to ogle and sigh,
 they call'd me their joy, their delight, and their dear,
 but I heed no such nonsense, not I.

Not all their fine speeches, their flatt'ry, and love,
 tho' they swore if I frown'd they should die,
 could bring me to like, or to love, or approve,
 for I heed no such nonsense, not I.

But now, in my turn, I'm in love too, I find,
 tho' for certain in grief I sha' n't die,
 were Jemmy as false as the wavering wind;
 O, I heed no such nonsense, not I!

I think the lad likes me, and he *may* prove true;
 and if so, I will love till I die;
 but if he prove fickle, then I'll prove so too;
 for I'll I die for no shepherd, not I:

When first I saw thee graceful move,
 ah me! what meant my throbbing breast?

say, soft confusion, art thou love?
if love thou art, then farewell rest!

'T was in that season of the year
when all things gay and sweet appear,
that Colin, with the morning ray
arose and sung his rural lay:
of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung;
the hills and dales with Nanny rung;
while Roslin Castle heard the swain,
and echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring,
with rapture warms, awake and sing;
awake and join the vocal throng,
who hail the morning with their song!
to Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O bid her haste and come away;
in sweetest smiles herself adorn,
and add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on every spray
each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
't is Beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
and Love inspires the melting song!
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
for beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
and love my rising bosom warms,
and fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O! come my love! thy Colin's lay
with rapture calls: O come away!
come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
around that modest brow of thine!
O hither haste, and with thee bring

that beauty blooming like the spring;
those graces that divinely shine,
and charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

~~~~~  
What beauties does Flora disclose !

how sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !

but Mary, still sweeter than those,

both nature and fancy exceed.

No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,

nor all the gay flowers of the field,

nor Tweed gliding gently through those

such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,

the linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;

the blackbird and sweet cooing dove

with music enchant every bush.

Come, let us go forth to the mead,

let us see how the primroses spring ;

we'll lodge in some village on Tweed,

and love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day ?

does Mary not tend a few sheep ?

do they never carelessly stray,

while happily she lies asleep ?

'Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,

kind nature indulging my bliss,

to relieve the soft pains of my breast

I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'T is she does the virgins excel,

no beauty with her can compare,

Love's graces all round her do dwell,

she's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 oh! tell me at noon where they feed?  
 Shall I seek them in sweet winding Tay,  
 or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?



ATTRIBUTED TO MATTHEW PRIOR.

Dear Chloe! while thus beyond measure  
 you treat me with doubts and disdain;  
 you rob all your youth of it's pleasure,  
 and hoard up an old age of pain:  
 your maxim, that love is still founded  
 on charms that will quickly decay,  
 you will find to be very ill-grounded  
 when once you it's dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn  
 your kindness will vastly improve;  
 soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,  
 fruition's the sunshine of love:  
 and tho' the bright beams of your eyes  
 should be clouded, that now are so gay,  
 and darkness obscure all the skies,  
 we ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby with Joan by his side,  
 you oft have regarded with wonder;  
 he is dropsical, she is sore ey'd,  
 yet they 're ever uneasy asunder:  
 together they totter about,  
 or sit in the sun at the door,  
 and at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,  
 his Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,  
 their several failings to smother,

then what are the charms can you guess,  
that make them so fond of each other?  
'T is the pleasing remembrance of youth,  
the endearments that love did bestow,  
the thoughts of past pleasure and truth,  
the best of all blessings below:

these traces for ever will last,  
which sickness nor time can remove;  
for when youth and beauty are past,  
and age brings the winter of love,  
a friendship insensibly grows  
by reviews of such raptures as these,  
and the current of fondness still flows,  
which decrepit old age cannot freeze.



BY ——— ETHERIDGE.

Ye happy swains! whose hearts are free  
from Love's imperial chain,  
take warning and be taught by me  
t' avoid the enchanting pain:  
fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,  
fierce winds to blossoms prove;  
to careless seamen, hidden rocks,  
to human quiet, love.

Fly the fair sex, if bliss you prize,  
the snake's beneath the flower;  
whoever gaz'd on beauteous eyes  
that tasted quiet more?  
How faithless is the lover's joy!  
how constant is their care!  
the kind with falsehood to destroy,  
the cruel with despair.





Busy, curious, thirsty fly,  
drink with me, and drink as I  
freely welcome to my cup,  
couldst thou sip, and sip it up.  
Make the most of life you may,  
life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,  
hastening quick to their decline :  
thine's a summer, mine no more,  
tho' repeated to threescore ;  
threescore summers, when they're gone,  
will appear as short as one.



The sun was sunk beneath the hill,  
the western clouds were lin'd with gold,  
clear was the sky, the wind was still,  
the flock was penn'd within the fold ;  
when in the silence of the grove  
poor Damon thus despair'd of love.

' Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose  
from the hard rock or oozy beach,  
who from each weed that barren grows,  
expects the grape or downy peach,  
with equal faith may hope to find  
the truth of love in womankind.

' No herds have I, no fleecy care,  
no fields that wave with golden grain,  
no pastures green, or gardens fair,  
a woman's venal heart to gain ;  
then all in vain my sighs must prove,  
whose whole estate, alas ! is love.



‘ How wretched is the faithful youth,  
 since women’s hearts are bought and sold !  
 they ask no vows of sacred truth,  
 whene’er they sigh, they sigh for gold,  
 gold can the frowns of scorn remove ;  
 but I am scorn’d—who have but love.

‘ To buy the gems of India’s coast  
 what wealth, what riches would suffice !  
 yet India’s shore should never boast  
 the lustre of thy rival eyes ;  
 for there the world too cheap must prove ;  
 can I then buy—who have but love ?

‘ Then, Mary, since nor gems nor ore  
 can with thy brighter self compare,  
 be just, as fair, and value more  
 than gems or ore, a heart sincere :  
 let treasure meaner beauties move ;  
 who pays thy worth must pay in love.’



A cruel fate hangs threat’ning o’er  
 the lovely shepherd I adore !

Ye streams, ye know it !—yet pursue your ways  
 ye nightingales !—yet tune your warbling lays ;  
 ye, who alone were conscious of our love.

Cease, birds, your notes ! ye rivers, cease to move !



#### EPITHALAMIUM.

The transports which they feel,  
 who meet with mutual love,  
 their sighs can best reveal,  
 for words too weak would prove ;

no hearts such bliss can taste,  
 but such as are sincere:  
 O may the blessing last!  
 all joy and peace be here!

BY J. MILTON.

Sweet is the breath of Morn;  
 her rising sweet, with charm of earliest birds,  
 fragrant the earth, and bright the gems of heaven.  
 But neither stars, nor fragrant earth,  
 nor charm of earliest birds,  
 nor breath of morning, without thee are sweet.

Time has not thinn'd my flowing hair,  
 nor bent me with his iron hand:  
 ah! why so soon the blossom tear,  
 ere autumn yet the fruit demand.

Let me enjoy the cheerful day,  
 till many a year has o'er me roll'd;  
 pleas'd let me trifle life away,  
 and sing of love ere I grow old.

*Altered from Hammond, by Jackson.*

### THE BLIND BOY.

Written for, and set to music by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley,  
 organist of St. Andrews, Holborn.

BY COLLEY CIBBER.

O say, what is that thing call'd light,  
 which I must ne'er enjoy?  
 what are the blessings of the sight?  
 O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
you say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm, but how can he,  
or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,  
whene'er I sleep or play;  
and could I ever keep awake  
with me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
you mourn my hapless woe;  
but sure with patience I can bear  
a loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
my cheer of mind destroy;  
whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
altho' a poor blind boy.



Soft Zephyr! on thy balmy wing  
thy gentle breezes hither bring,  
her slumbers guard, some hand divine,  
ah! watch her with a care like mine.

A rose from her bosom has stray'd,  
I'll seek to replace it with art,  
but no, 't will her slumbers invade,  
I'll wear it, dear nymph! next my heart.

Alas! silly rose! hadst thou known  
't was Daphne that gave thee thy place,  
thou ne'er from thy station had flown;  
her bosom 's the mansion of peace!



When first this humble roof I knew,  
with various cares I strove;  
my grain was scarce, my sheep were few,  
my all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd,  
the spring our drink bestow'd;  
but when her lip the brim had press'd,  
the cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,  
no other guest came nigh;  
in them was given, tho' gold was spar'd,  
what gold could never buy.

No value has a splendid lot  
but as the means to prove,  
that from the castle to the cot  
the all of life is love.



BY HILDERBRAND JACOB, ESQ.

I envy not the mighty great,  
those powerful rulers of the state,  
who settle nations as they please,  
and govern at th' expense of ease.

Far happier is the shepherd swain,  
who daily drudges on the plain,  
and nightly in some humble shed  
on rushy pillows lays his head.

No curst ambition breaks his rest,  
no factious wars divide his breast;  
his flock, his pipe, and artless fair,  
are all his hope, and all his care.



No glory I covet, no riches I want,  
ambition is nothing to me;  
the one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,  
is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,  
by reason my life let me square;  
the wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd  
and the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,  
I'll justly and gratefully prize;  
whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,  
shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,  
unenvy'd I'll challenge my part;  
for every fair object my eyes can survey  
contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly through infinite trouble and strife  
the many their labours employ!  
Since all that is truly delightful in life  
is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

~~~~~

From glaring shew and giddy noise,
the pleasures of the vain,
take me, ye soft and silent joys!
to your retreats again.

Be mine, ye cool, ye peaceful groves,
whose shades to love belong;
where Echo, as she fondly roves,
repeats my Strephon's song.

Ah Strephon! why should I depart

from solitude and thee?
 when in that solitude thou art
 A perfect world to me.



PLATO'S ADVICE.

AN alteration of a poem, written by the Rev. Matthew (husband of the celebrated Letitia) Pilkington, beginning, "Why Lycidas, should man be vain."

Says Plato, Why should man be vain,
 since bounteous Heaven hath made him great?
 why look with insolent disdain
 on those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can splendid robes, or beds of down,
 or costly gems that deck the fair,
 can all the glories of a crown
 give health, or ease the brow of care?

The sceptre'd king, the burden'd slave,
 the humble and the haughty die;
 the rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 in dust, without distinction, lie!
 Go; search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 who once the greatest titles bore;
 the wealth and glory they possess'd,
 and all their honours are no more!

So glides the meteor through the sky,
 and spreads along a gilded train,
 but, when it's short-liv'd beauties die,
 dissolves to common air again.
 So 't is with us, life is not long,
 let friendship reign then while we stay;
 let time be sweeten'd with a song,
 for when Jove calls we must obey.



Care flies the brain when you are near,
and raptures fill the heart :
raptures decay, and sullen care
returns—when you depart.

BY — WILTON, ESQ.

Dear is my little native vale,
the ring-dove builds and warbles there;
close by my cot she tells her tale
to every passing village fair.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
and shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bow'rs,
that breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
with my lov'd lute's romantic sound ;
or crowns of living laurel weave
for those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
the ballet danc'd in twilight glade;
the canzonet and roundelay
sung in the silent greenwood shade.
These simple joys, that never fail,
shall bind me to my native vale.

Should the rude hand of care wound my partner in life,
he always shall find his best friend in his wife.
In the midst of his woes if on me he'll recline,
his sorrows, his anguish, his tears shall be mine.



If cheerfulness prompts him to mirthful employ,
 my invention shall teem to enliven his joy.
 When the light-footed hours all with gaiety shine,
 his pleasures, his transport, his smiles shall be mine.
 The wife, 't is agreed, best her station adorns,
 when spreading life's roses, and blunting it's thorns,
 then I'll strive to select it's most grateful of flowers,
 and their fragrance, their beauties, their bloom shall
 be our's.



BY DAVID MALLET.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 invite the tuneful birds to sing:
 and while they warble from each spray,
 love melts the universal lay.

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
 like them improve the hour that flies;
 and in soft raptures waste the day,
 among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 and age, life's winter, will appear:
 at this, thy living bloom must fade;
 as that will strip the verdant shade.
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
 the feather'd songsters love no more:
 and when they droop, and we decay,
 adieu the shades of Endermay!



While, Strephon, thus you teize one,
 to say, what won my heart;
 it cannot sure be treason,
 if I the truth impart.

— — — — —
'T was not your smile, tho' charming ;
't was not your eyes, tho' bright ;
't was not your bloom, tho' warming ;
nor beauty's dazzling light.

'T was not your dress, tho' shining ;
nor shape, that made me sigh :
't was not your tongue, combining,
for that I knew, might lie.

No, 't was your gen'rous nature ;
bold, soft, sincere, and gay ;
it shone in every feature,
and stole my heart away.

BY ——— BEDDINGFIELD.

To hug yourself in perfect ease,
what would you wish for more than these ?
a healthy, clean, paternal seat,
well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour stove, to hold
a constant fire from winter's cold,
where you may sit, and think, and sing,
far off from court, God bless the king !

Safe from the harpies of the law,
from party-rage, and great man's paw ;
a few choice friends of your own taste ;
a wife agreeable and chaste.

And open, but yet cautious mind,
where guilty cares no entrance find ;
nor miser's fears nor envy's spite,
to break the sabbath of the night,

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
few taylor's, and no doctors' bills;
content to take, as heaven shall please,
a longer or a shorter lease.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

I envy not the proud their wealth,
their equipage and state;
give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
a joy unknown to kings;
for sceptres, to a virtuous mind,
seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plough,
with brighter lustre shone,
than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
tho' seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days and restless nights,
ambition ever knows,
a stranger to the calm delights
of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
keep me, ye powers divine!
and pleas'd, when ye demand my life;
may I that life resign!

How imperfect is expression
some emotions to impart,
when we mean a soft confession,
and yet seek to hide the heart !
When our bosoms, all complying,
with delicious tumults swell,
and beat what broken, falt'ring, dying,
language would, but cannot, tell !

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
quite expressive paints my cheek.
Ask no more, behold your error ;
blushes eloquently speak.
What tho' silent is my anguish,
or breath'd only to the air ?
mark my eyes ; and, as they languish,
read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me !
once my heart's strong feelings view !
love has nought more fond, believe me,
friendship nothing half so true.
How imperfect is expression
some emotions to impart !
when we mean a soft confession,
and yet seek to hide the heart.

How blest the man, while circling years
their numbers still increase,
who, far from Grandeur's tumult, dwells
with Innocence and Peace ;

whose days, no envious angry strifes—
whose nights, no troubles; fill;
but smoothly rolls the tide of life
'mid comforts growing still.

In vain to him, Ambition strives,
and Av'rice hoards in vain;
in vain the sons of Pleasure seek
that pleasure to obtain.
His mind alone, with freedom blest,
from baneful passion's sway,
can taste the joys those passions seek,
but seeking drive away.

To him sweet health and competence,
alternate toil and ease,
a cheerful friend, and peaceful home,
where all those comforts please,
are all he asks of earthly bliss,
and Change but threats in vain—
he views the future without dread,
nor views the past with pain,—

While each around the social board
now feels the joys we sing;
let mirth and glee, and friendship too,
their joyous tribute bring
to raise the song and make it last,
while circling years increase.—

How blest the man who cheerful dwells
with Innocence and Peace.

Resolv'd, said the poet, of Cælia, to sing,
for ideas of beauty I search'd through the spring;
to flowers, soft blooming, compar'd the sweet maid;
but flowers, tho' blooming, at evening will fade.

Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write;
of the breezes so mild, and the sunshine so bright:
but these with my fair no resemblance can hold,
for the sun sets at night, and the breezes turn cold.

The clouds of mild evening, array'd in pale blue,
while the sun-beams behind them peep glitt'ring thro',
to rival her charms they can never arise;
yet methought they look'd something like Cælia's
bright eyes.

At length a fine fruit-tree in blossom I found,
which nature array'd, and shed fragrance around:
the muses, methought, then had smil'd on my prayer,
this blossom, I cry'd will resemble my fair.

The colour so pleasing at summer's gay fall,
will languish at first, and must afterwards fall;
but behind it the fruit, it's successor, shall rise,
by nature disrob'd of the beauteous disguise.

So Cælia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
by her virtues improv'd, will engage me the more,
will recal every beauty, and heighten their prime,
when her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

When clouds that angel face deform,
anxious I view the growing storm;
when angry lightnings arm thine eye,
and speak the gathering tempest nigh,



I curse the sex, and bid adieu
to female friendship, love and you.

But when soft passions rule your breast,
and each kind look some love hath drest;
when cloudless smiles around you play,
and give the world a holiday,
I bless the hour when first I knew
dear female friendship, love, and you.

BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

All the splendor which wealth can display
is so vain that it quickly must cloy;
like a bubble it soon melts away,
if Hope does not heighten the joy.

Sweet passion! without thee, the soul
in the midst of fruition would tire;
into times yet unborn thou canst roll,
and expand on the wings of desire.

It was Hope that first planted my vine,
and it's clusters luxuriantly spread;
rear'd my fig-tree, whose branches entwine
and so gratefully shadow my head.

Hope comforts the mourner's sad state,
sooths the wretch who is struggling with pain,
bids the captive support his hard fate,
and to home turn his eyes back again.

Bright charmer! ah! live in my breast,
round my temples thy garland shall bind;
thou shalt calm all my sorrows to rest,
and cheer with thy sunshine my mind.



Let fanciful lovers, who sing of the fair,
to angel or goddess their charmers compare,
in soft soothing sonnets their beauties rehearse,
and boast of their charms in a rapturous verse;
tho' I love the dear creatures, such stuff I detest,
for believe me, ye fair ones, plain truth is the best.

They'll tell you your cheeks with the rosebud may vie,
the diamond looks dim, when compar'd with your
eye;

may more—to deceive you, they'll swear it is true,
that Venus herself is a dowdy to you;
but such stupid nonsense believe it a jest,
for trust me, ye fair ones, plain truth is the best.

Tho' finical fops may your passion commend,
a flatterer never was yet a true friend;
't is not the fair face, tho' it blooms like the rose,
't is not the bright eye that the diamond outglows,
't is only good humour gives beauty a zest;
may start not, ye fair ones, plain truth is the best.

Then would you, ye lovers, succeed with the fair,
be manly, and flattery's delusion forbear;
in love, as in battle, your honour maintain,
be honest, be faithful, and speak your mind plain;
impart the fond passion that glows in your breast,
and, believe me, you'll find that plain truth is the best.

Should you ask me, what female dessert I require
to relish the conjugal life;
nor beauty, nor titles, nor wealth I desire
to bias my choice in a Wife:



the charms of a face may occasion a sigh ;
the costly allurements of Art
may yield a short moment of joy to the eye,
but give no delight to the heart.

Would equipage, splendor, or noble descent
bring comfort wherever they fall,
could these add a drop to the cup of Content,
I'd gladly partake of them all ;
but vain the assistance proud riches bestow,
the raptures that beauty impart,
to soften the painful reflections of woe,
or banish distress from the heart.

Then give me the temper unclouded and gay,
the countenance ever serene,
to cheer with sweet converse as youth wears away,
and dissipate anger and spleen ;
whose smiles may endear and enliven the hours
retirement shall oft set apart ;
whose virtues may sooth when disquietude sours,
and tenderness cherish the heart.

For Fortune, be Honour her portion assign'd ;
for Beauty, bright Health's rosy bloom ;
let Justice and Candour ennoble her mind ;
and Cheerfulness Sorrow consume :
thus form'd, would she share with me life's little store,
it's mixture of pleasure and smart,
she'd ever continue, till both were no more,
the constant delight of my heart.

HUMOUROUS AND WITTY SONGS.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In good king Charles's golden days,
when loyalty no harm meant,
a zealous high churchman I was,
and so I got preferment:
to teach my flock I never miss'd,
kings are by God appointed,
and damn'd are those that do resist,
or touch the Lord's anointed.

And this is law I will maintain
until my dying day, sir,
that whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James obtain'd the crown,
and popery came in fashion,
the penal laws I hooted down,
and read the Declaration:
the church of Rome I found would fit
full well my constitution;
and had become a Jesuit,
but for the Revolution.

And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
to ease the nation's grievance;
with this new mind about I steer'd,
and swore to him allegiance:

old principles I did revoke,
 set conscience at a distance;
 passive obedience was a joke,
 a jest was non-resistance.
 And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen;
 the church of England's glory,
 another face of things was seen,
 and I became a tory:
 occasional conformists base,
 I damn'd their moderation;
 and thought the church in danger was
 by such prevarication.
 And this is law, &c,

When George in pudding time came o'er,
 and moderate men look'd big, sir;
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
 and so became a whig, sir;
 and thus preferment I procur'd
 from our new faith's defender;
 and almost every day abjur'd
 the pope and the pretender.
 And this is law, &c,

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
 and protestant succession;
 to these I do allegiance swear—
 while they can keep possession:
 for in my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter,
 and George my lawful king shall be—
 until the times do alter.
 And this is law, &c.

BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
pr'ythee why so pale?
will, when looking well can't move her,
looking ill prevail?
pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
pr'ythee why so mute?
will, when speaking well can't win her,
saying nothing do't?
pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
this cannot take her;
if of herself she will not love,
nothing can make her;
the devil take her.

HUMPHRY GUBBIN'S COURTSHIP.

A courting I went to my love,
who is sweeter than roses in May,
and when I came to her, by Jove,
the devil a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
there fully intending to woo her;
but may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
if of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
while my heart was as light as a feather;
yet nothing I said, I protest,

but—Madam, 't is very fine weather.
To an arbour I did her attend,
she ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthest end,
for I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind,
for I thought in some talk we must enter:
' Why, sir,' she answer'd, and grinn'd,
have you just sent your wits for a venture?
Then I follow'd her into the house,
there I vow'd I my passion would try;
but there I was still as a mouse:—
oh! what a dull booby was I!

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
or truer than the rest;
for I would change each hour like them,
where it my interest.

But I'm so fix'd alone to thee
by every thought I have,
that should you now my heart set free
't would be again your slave.

All that in woman is ador'd
in thy dear-self I find;
for the whole sex can but afford
the handsome and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power,
this constancy is due,
when change itself can give no more
't is easy to be true.

Cries Damon, teaz'd by dearest life,
to trudge to Vauxhall with her,
' If song from hell once fetch'd a wife,
why can't it send one thither?
' But if, alas! to Pluto's cell,
by music none are driven,
say, Handel, is there not a spell
can send her soul to heaven?
' Come, then, some sweet entrancing strain,
to native skies restore her,
and when to angel turn'd again,
I will again adore her.'

THE VICAR AND MOSES.

At the sign of the horse, old Spintext, of course,
each night took his pipe and his pot,
o'er a jorum of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
was plac'd this canonical sot.
Tol de rol de rol ti dol di dol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
with reverence due and submission;
first strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
and, bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I 'm come, sir,' said he, ' to beg, look, d' ye see,
of your reverend worship and glory,
to inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may be,
and I 'll walk with the lanthorn before you.'

The body we 'll bury, but pray where 's the hurry?

' Why Lord, sir, the corpse it does stay;'

' You fool, hold your peace, since miracles cease,
a corpse, Moses, can't run away!'



Then Moses he smil'd, saying, ' Sir, a small child
cannot long delay your intentions ;'

' Why that 's true, by St. Paul, a child that is small
can never enlarge it's dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and bring me some, d'ye hear ?
I hate to be call'd from my liquor.

Come, Moses, the king ; 't is a scandalous thing,
such a subject should but be a vicar.'

Then Moses he spoke ; ' Sir, 't is past twelve o'clock,
besides there 's a terrible shower ;

' Why Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck twelve,
I 'm sure it can never strike more :

besides, my dear friend, this lesson attend,
which to say and to swear I 'll be bold, [plain ;
that the corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's
but perhaps you or I may take cold.'

Then Moses went on ; ' Sir, the clock has struck one,
pray, Master, look up at the hand ;'

' Why it ne'er can strike less, 't is a folly to press
a man to walk on that can't stand.'

At length hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
but first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;
each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
and then stagger'd on side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a stave,
whilst the surplice was wrapt round the priest ;
where so droll was the figure of Moses and Vicar,
that the parish still talk of the jest.

' Good people, let's pray ; put the corpse t' other way,
or perchance I shall over it stumble ;

't is best to take care, tho' the sages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble. '

Woman that 's born of a man; that 's wrong, the leaf's
 " a man, that is born of a woman, [torn;
 can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flower;"
 you see, Moses, death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, do look, what a confounded book,
 sure the letters are turn'd upside down;
 such a scandalous print, sure the devil is in 't,
 that this Basket should print for the crown.

Pr'ythee, Moses, do read, for I cannot proceed,
 and bury the corpse in my stead.'

(" Amen! Amen!") [tongue,

' Why, Moses, you 're wrong, pray hold still your
 you 've taken the tail for the head.

" O where 's thy sting, death?" put the corps in the
 for, believe me, 't is terrible weather.' [earth,

So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
 and away they both stagger'd together,
 singing tol de rol de rol ti dol di dol.

Five thousand years have roll'd away,
 and yet ten thousand blockheads say,

' O pleasure, thou 'rt the devil:'
 while nature bids them joy embrace,
 they fling the blessing in her face;
 now this is most uncivil!

Now I 'm not one of those, (thank heaven!)
 ingratitude was never given

to my good heart I 'm sure;
 would Chloe yield a thousand kisses,
 upon my knees I 'd seize the blisses,
 and beg a thousand more.

" Pindariana, or Peter's Portfolio."



BY LORD CHESTERFIELD,

Mistaken fair ! lay Sherlock by,
his doctrine is deceiving,
for while he teaches us to die,
he cheats us of our living.

To die 's a lesson we shall know
too soon, without a master ;
then let us only study now
how we may live the faster.

To live 's to love, to bless, be blest
with mutual inclination ;
share then my ardour in your breast,
and kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest I may not live,
and pity you deny,
to me at least your Sherlock give,
't is I must learn to die.

What is 't to us who guides the state?
who 's out of favour? or who 's great?
who are the ministers or spies?
who vote for places? or who buys?

The world will still be rul'd by knaves,
and fools contending to be slaves ;
small things, my friend, serve to support
life, troublesome at best and short.

Our youth runs back, occasion flies,
gray hairs come on, and pleasure dies :
who would the present blessing lose
for empire which he cannot use?

Kind providence has us supply'd
with what to others is deny'd,
virtue ; which teaches to condemn
and scorn ill actions and ill men.

Beneath this lime-tree's fragrant shade,
on beds of flowers supinely laid,
let 's then all other cares remove,
aud muse on things, and sing of love.

Love 's a dream of mighty treasure,
which in fancy we possess ;
in the folly lies the pleasure,
wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,
we a goddess have in chace,
like Ixion we are cheated,
and a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover
whom his mistress well deceives ;
seeking nothing to discover,
he contented lives at ease.

While the wretch who would be knowing
what the fair one would disguise,
labours for his own undoing,
losing pleasure to be wise.

MOG THE BRUNETTE.

Young Jocky he courted sweet Mog the Brunette,
who had lips like carnation, and eyes black as jet ;
he coax'd and he wheedled, and talk'd with his eyes,
and look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise !

then he swore like a lord how her charms he ador'd ;
 that she'd soon put an end to his sufferings implor'd :
 for a heart unawares thus his trammels he set,
 and soon a conquest of Mog the brunette.

They pannel'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
 still kissing and fondling until they came there ;
 they call'd at the church, and in wedlock were join'd,
 and Jocky was happy, for Moggy was kind.

'T was now honey-moon, time expired too soon,
 they revell'd in pleasure, night, morning, and noon ;
 he call'd her his charmer, his joy, and his pet,
 and the lasses all envy'd sweet Mog the brunette.

Then home they return'd ; but return'd most unkind ;
 for Jocky rode on, and left Moggy behind ;

surpris'd at this treatment, she call'd to her mate,
 ' Why, Jocky ! you 're alter'd most strangely of late !'
 ' Come on, fool !' he cry'd, ' thou now art my bride,
 and when folks are wed, they set fooling aside.'

Hard names & foul words were the best she could get ;
 strange usage this, sure, for sweet Mog the brunette.

He took home poor Moggy new conduct to learn ;
 she brush'd up the house, & he thatch'd the old barn ;
 they laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
 and now live as man and wife usually do ;

as their humour excite, they kiss & they fight, [night ;
 'twixt kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon, and
 to his sorrow he finds with his match he has met,
 and wishes the devil had Mog the brunette.

THE COBLER.

A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall ;

no coin in his pocket, nor care in his pate.
no ambition had he, nor duns at his gate,
derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
if at night he could purchase a cup of brown nappy;
he'd laugh then and whistle, and sing too most sweet,
saying, 'just to a hair I have made both ends meet.'

Derry down, &c.

But Love, the disturber of high and of low,
that shoots at the peasant as well as the beau;
he shot the poor cobbler quite into the heart,
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
her eyes shone so bright when she rose every day,
that she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her love songs as he sat at his work,
but she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk:
whenever he spake, she would flounce, and would fear,
which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his awl, that he had in the world,
and to make away with himself was resolv'd,
he pierc'd through his body, instead of the sole:
so the cobbler he dy'd, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river Dee,
he danc'd and sung from morn till night, no lark so
blithe as he,



and thus the burden of his song for ever us'd to be,
 ' I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.

' I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred,
 child, and wife,

I would not change my station for any other in life;
 no lawyer, surgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me,
 I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.

When spring begins it's merry career, oh! how his
 heart grows gay,

no summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's
 cold decay;

no foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to sing
 and say,

' Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to
 day.'

Thus, like the miller, bold & free, let us rejoice & sing,
 the days of youth are made for glee, and time is on
 the wing;

this song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial
 ring,

let heart and voice, and all agree, to say ' Long live
 the king.'



TO FORTUNE.

Yes, Fortune, I have sought thee long,
 invok'd thee oft in prose and song;
 through half old England woo'd thee;
 through seas of danger, Indian lands,
 through Afric's howling, burning sands:
 but, ah! in vain pursu'd thee!

Now, Fortune, thou wouldst fain be kind;
 but now I'll plainly speak my mind—

I care not straws about thee:

for Delia's hand alone I toil'd ;
unbrib'd by wealth the nymph has smil'd ;
and bliss is our's without thee.

Peter Pindar's "Rowland for an Oliver."

Ye gentil 'squires, give o'er your sighs,
to gain regard in ladies' eyes,
and make them doat upon ye ;
for Love has long been kick'd to door
because the little god is *poor*—
who's welcome without money ?

Try, gentil sirs, a diff'rent scheme ;
for truly 't is an idle dream
to woo with words of honey :
change (if you wish your hearts to fix)
your hearts into a coach and six,
and coin your sighs to *money* !

"Pindariana, or Peter's Portfolio."



THE FIRST LINES.

DESCRIPTIVE, MORAL, AND PASTORAL.

A cruel fate hangs threat'ning, pa.	19	Says Plato, why should man	- 24
All the splendor which wealth,	32	Should the rude hand of care	25
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Care flies the brain when you	25	Sweet Echo! sweetest nymph,	- 9
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Dear is my little native vale,	- 25	The transports which they feel,	19
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If all the world and love were	8	'T was in that season of the year	14
I envy not the mighty great,	- 22	We that have known no greater	4
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Let fanciful lovers, who sing	- 33	When clouds that angel face	- 31
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One summer's eve, as Nancy fair	5	When first this humble roof	- 22
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At the sign of the horse,	- - 39	What is 't to us who guides	- 42
Cries Damon, teiz'd by dearest life,	39	Why so pale and wan, fond lover,	37
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SONGS.

.....

ELEGIAC. SEA.



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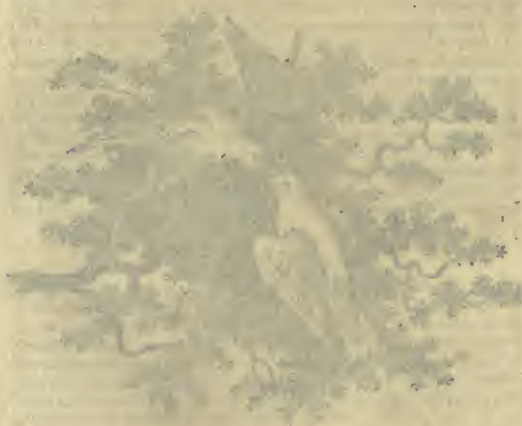
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CLASSICAL

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ELEGIAC SONGS.

.....

BY GENERAL BURGOYNE.

For tenderness fram'd, in life's early day,
a parent's soft sorrows to mine led the way :
the lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
and ere words were my own, I spoke with a sigh.

The nightingale plunder'd—the mate-widow'd dove—
the warbled complaint from the suffering grove—
to youth, as it ripen'd, gave sentiment new ;
the object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion, still rest in the glow !
a warmth of more pain may this breast never know !
or, if, too indulgent, the blessing I claim,
let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame.

~~~~~

Encompass'd in an angel's frame  
an angel's virtues lay ;  
too soon did heav'n assert the claim,  
and call'd it's own away.  
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,  
must never more return ;  
what now shall fill these widow'd arms ?  
Ah, me !—my Anna's urn !  
Can I forget that hope refin'd,  
which blest, when her I knew ?



Our hearts in sacred bonds entwin'd,  
 were bound by love too true.  
 The rural train, which once were us'd  
 in festive dance to turn,  
 well pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd;  
 now, weeping, deck her urn!

E'en while escaping from her chain,  
 she clasp'd me to her breast;  
 ' to part with thee is all my pain!  
 she cry'd—then sunk to rest.

While mem'ry shall her seat retain,  
 thus from my Anna torn,  
 my heart shall breathe a ceaseless strain  
 of sorrow o'er her urn.

There, with the earliest dawn, a dove  
 laments her murder'd mate;  
 there Philomela, lost to love,  
 tells the pale moon her fate.

With yew and ivy round me spread,  
 my Anna there I'll mourn;  
 for all my soul (now she is dead)  
 concentrates in her urn.



BY J. HARRISON.

My William left his Nancy dear,  
 and sought the foe he scorn'd to fear;  
 from Nancy dear, would William go;  
 the foe he fear'd not laid him low.

Weep, virgins, weep, my William's slain:  
 ye ne'er shall "see his like again."

Ah! tell me not, that now no more  
 war bids her murd'ring thunder roar;

my heart partakes not in the news,  
for what, alas ! have I to lose,  
who still must weep my William slain,  
nor e'er can " see his like again ?"



## INDIAN DEATH SONG.

BY MRS. HUNTER.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,  
but glory remains when their lights fade away ;  
begin, ye tormentors ! your threats are in vain,  
for the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow ;  
remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low :  
why so slow ! do you wait till I shrink from my pain ?  
No—the son of Alknomook can never complain.

Remember the wood, where in ambush we lay,  
and the scalps which we bore from your nation away :  
now the flame rises high, you exult in my pain,  
but the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone ;  
his ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son :  
death comes like a friend, to relieve me from pain,  
and the son of Alknomook has scorn'd to complain !



A dawn of hope my soul revives,  
and banishes despair ;  
if yet my dearest Damon lives,  
make him, ye gods ! your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,  
my tender grief remove ;  
oh ! send some cheering ray of light,



and guide me to my love!

Thus, in a secret, friendly, shade,  
the pensive Cælia mourn'd,  
while courteous Echo lent her aid,  
and sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face  
each rising fear disarms;  
he eager springs to her embrace,  
she sinks into his arms.



BY ROBERT BURNS.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,  
loud roars the wild inconstant blast,  
yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o'er the plain;  
the hunter now has left the moor,  
the scatter'd covey's left secure,  
while here I wander, prest with care,  
along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,  
by early winter's ravage torn;  
across her placid, azure sky,  
she sees the scowling tempest fly:  
chill runs my blood to hear it rave,  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
where many a danger I must dare,  
far from the bonie banks of Ayr,

'T is not the surging billow's roar,  
't is not that fatal, deadly shore;  
tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,  
the wretched have no more to fear:  
but round my heart the ties are bound,



that heart transpierc'd with many a wound :  
these bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
to leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,  
her heathy moors and winding vales ;  
the scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
pursuing past unhappy loves !

Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !  
my peace with these, my love with those—  
the bursting tears my heart declare,  
farewell, the bonie banks of Ayr !



The rose had scarce bloom'd on Matilda's fair cheek,  
ere the rude hand of care began to molest ;  
her charms to dishonour too soon fell a wreck,  
and sorrow, alas ! robb'd her bosom of rest.

O Matilda, sweet maid ! how cruel was love !  
that taught thee misfortune's distresses to prove.

When robb'd of her virtue, what charm could restore  
that sweet peace of mind which her early days knew ?  
when love gayly smil'd as the moments pass'd o'er,  
then tranquil her hours, for unheeded they flew :  
but, ah ! as the lily that droops it's fair head,  
she ne'er tasted peace since her mansion she fled.

Now wretched, abandon'd, and lost to repose,  
the tear of soft sympathy adds to her grief ;  
and friendship, that sooth'd, now but wakens her woes ;  
for love once betray'd can no more know relief :  
oh, Matilda, sweet maid ! how cruel was love,  
that taught thee misfortune's distresses to prove.

*" Sorrows of the Heart."*





BY ROBERT BURNS.

From thee, Eliza, I must go,  
and from my native shore:  
the cruel fates between us throw  
a boundless ocean's roar:  
but boundless oceans, roaring wide,  
between thy love and me,  
can never still our hearts divide,  
or part my soul from thee.

Farewell, my sweet Eliza, dear,  
thou maid whom I adore!  
a boding voice speaks in mine ear,  
'we part to meet no more!'  
But the last throb that heaves my heart,  
while death stands victor by,  
that throb, Eliza, is thy part,  
and thine that latest sigh!



Adieu to the village delights,  
which lately my fancy enjoy'd!  
no longer the country invites,  
to me all it's pleasures are void:  
adieu, thou sweet health-breathing hill!  
thou canst not my comfort restore;  
for ever adieu, my dear vill!  
my Lucy, alas! is no more.

She, she was the cure of my pain,  
my blessing! my honour! my pride!  
who ne'er gave me cause to complain,  
till that fatal day when she dy'd:  
her eyes, that so beautiful shone,  
are closed, for ever, in sleep;

and mine, since my Lucy is gone,  
have nothing to do but to weep.  
Could my tears the bright angel restore,  
like a fountain, they never should cease;  
but Lucy, alas! is no more,  
and I am a stranger to peace:  
let me copy, with fervour devout,  
the virtues which glow'd in her heart;  
then, soon as life's sand is run out,  
we shall meet again never to part.



## QUEEN MARY'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

O thou lov'd country! where my youth was spent,  
dear golden days! all pass'd in sweet content;  
where the fair morning of my clouded day  
shone mildly bright, and temperately gay.  
Dear France! adieu! a long and sad farewell;  
no thought can image, and no tongue can tell,  
the pangs I feel at that drear word, farewell!

The ship that wafts me from thy friendly shore,  
conveys my body, but conveys no more;  
my soul is thine; that spark of heav'nly flame,  
that better portion of my mingled frame,  
is wholly thine; that part I give to thee,  
that in the temple of thy memory,  
the other ever may enshrined be.



## QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain;  
these walls can but echo my moan;  
alas! it increases my pain



when I think on the days that are gone ;  
thro' the grates of my prison I see  
the birds, as they wanton in air ;  
my heart, how it pants to be free !  
my looks, they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' opprest by, my fate,  
I burn with contempt for my foes ;  
tho' fortune has alter'd my state,  
she ne'er can subdue me to those !  
False woman ! in ages to come,  
thy malice detested shall be ;  
and when we are cold in the tomb,  
some heart will feel sorrow for me.

Ye roofs ! where chill damps and dismay  
with silence and solitude dwell,  
how comfortless passes the day !  
how sad tolls the evening bell !  
the owls from the battlements cry ;  
hollow winds seem to murmur around,  
' O Mary ! prepare thee to die !'—  
my blood it runs cold at the sound.



#### MAJOR ANDRE'S COMPLAINT,

composed by himself, during his confinement.

Return, enraptur'd hours,  
when Delia's heart was mine ;  
when she with wreaths of flow'rs  
my temples did entwine ;  
no jealousy nor care  
corroded in my breast,  
but visions light as air  
presided o'er my rest.

Now, nightly round my bed,  
no airy visions play ;  
nor flow'rets deck my head,  
each vernal holiday :  
but far from these sad plains  
the lovely Delia flies,  
while rack'd with jealous pains  
her hapless lover dies.



## BLUE EYED MARY.

In a cottage, embosom'd within a deep shade,  
like a rose in a desert, oh ! view the meek maid ;  
her aspect all sweetness, all plaintive her eye,  
and a bosom for which e'en a monarch might sigh :  
then in neat sunday-gown, see her met by the Squire,  
all attraction her countenance, his all desire ;  
he accosts her—she blushes ; he flatters—she smiles ;  
and soon blue-ey'd Mary 's seduc'd by his wiles.

Now with drops of contrition her pillow 's wet o'er,  
but the fleece, when once stain'd, can know whiteness  
no more ;

the aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy,  
to town the 'Squire presses—how can she deny ?  
There, behold her in lodgings ; she dresses in style,  
public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads Hoyle ;  
learns to squander ; they quarrel ; his love turns to hate ;  
and soon blue-eyed Mary is left to her fate.

Still of beauty possess'd, and not yet void of shame,  
with a heart that recoils at a Prostitute's name,  
she tries for a service ; her character 's gone,  
and for skill at her needle, alas ! 't is unknown :  
pale want now approaches ; the pawnbroker 's near ;

and her trinkets and clothes, one by one disappear ;  
till, at length, sorely pinch'd, & quite desperate grown,  
the poor blue-eyed Mary is forc'd on the town.

In a brothel next see her, trick'd out to allure,  
and all ages, all humours compell'd to endure ;  
compell'd, tho' disgusted, to wheedle and feign,  
with an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain :  
now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,  
and by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd ;  
now this worst of all misery she 's doom'd to endure,  
for the poor blue-ey'd Mary is now an impure.

Next, to banish all thought, and stifle remorse,  
to the bottle she flies ! oh fatal resource !  
grows stupid and bloated, and lost to all shame,  
whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame :  
now with eyes dim & languid, the once blooming maid,  
in a garret, on straw, faint and helpless is laid ;  
oh ! mark her pale cheek ; see ! she scarce takes her  
breath ;  
and lo, her blue-eyes are now seal'd up in death !

### THE HIGH METTLED RACER.

BY C. DIBDIN.

See ! the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are  
begun ;  
the confusion, but hear ! ' I bet you, sir ! ' ' done ! ' ' done ! '  
Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far and near,  
lords, hawkers, and jockies, assail the tir'd ear ;  
while with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,  
pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head touching his  
breast ;  
scarcely snuffing the air, he 's so proud and elate,



thus the high-mettled racer first starts for the plate.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud ;  
lame, spavin'd, & wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood  
while knowing postillions his pedigree trace,  
tell, his dam won this sweep, his sire that race ;  
and what matches he won to the hostlers count o'er,  
as they loiter their time at some hedge-alehouse door ;  
while the harness sore galls, & the spurs his sides goad,  
the high-mettled racer 's a hack on the road.

Till, at last, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,  
bow'd down, by degrees, he bends on to his fate ;  
blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,  
or draws sand till the sand of his hour-glass stands still ;  
and now cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,  
in the very same cart which he yesterday drew ;  
while a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,  
the high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds.

#### MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill  
that rises o'er the source of Dee ;  
and, from the eastern summit, shed  
her silver light on tower and tree ;  
when Mary laid her down to sleep,  
her thoughts on Sandy far at sea :  
then soft and low a voice was heard  
say—' Mary, weep no more for me !'

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
her head, to ask who there might be,  
and saw young Sandy shivering stand,  
with pallid cheek and hollow eye.

' O, Mary, dear ! cold is my clay,



it lies beneath a stormy sea ;  
far, far from thee, I sleep in death,  
so, Mary, weep no more for me !

‘ Three stormy nights and stormy days  
we toss’d upon the raging main,  
and long we strove our bark to save,  
but all our striving was in vain :  
e’en then, when horror chill’d my blood,  
my heart was fill’d with love for thee.  
The storm is past and I at rest ;  
so, Mary, weep no more for me !

‘ O ! maiden dear ! thyself prepare ;  
we soon shall meet upon that shore  
where love is free from doubt or care,  
and thou and I shall part no more.’  
Loud crow’d the cock, the shadow fled !  
no more of Sandy could she see ;  
but soft the passing spirit said,  
‘ O ! Mary ! weep no more for me.’



#### MARY’S DEATH.

Loud toll’d the stern bellman of night,  
when Mary, dejected and sad,  
to the turf had directed her flight,  
wherein her cold lover lay clad.

‘ How long, my lov’d Sandy !’ she cry’d,  
‘ must my heart in lone anguish complain ?  
How long till in death we ’re ally’d,  
and Fate cannot part us again ?’

‘ Hark ! hark ! ’t is a voice from the tomb ;’  
‘ come, Mary,’ it cries, ‘ come away !’

to partake of thy lover's sad doom,  
and rest thee beside his cold clay.'

' I hear the kind call, and I come—  
ye friends and companions, adieu !  
I haste to my Sandy's dark tomb,  
to die on his bosom, so true.

I hear the kind call and obey ;  
ah ! Sandy ! receive me !' she cry'd,—  
then breathing a sigh o'er his clay,  
she hung on his tombstone—and dy'd.



#### LADY JANE GREY'S LAMENTATION.

From these dread walls, this melancholy tow'r,  
(doom'd the sad victim of relentless pow'r)  
where Ruin sits in gloomy pomp array'd,  
and circling horrors spread their mournful shade,  
I send the tribute of a short'ning life,  
the last memorial of a faithful wife !  
For ev'ry hope on this side heav'n is dead,  
and Death's pale banner waves around my head.  
It yet, perchance, may cheer my lord to know  
that Suffolk's daughter sinks not with her woe :  
beneath it's weight I feel myself resign'd,  
tho' strong the pressure—stronger still my mind ;—  
this duty paid to thee, each care is o'er,  
nor my hard fortune shall distress me more.



BY DR. WOLCOT.

From her, alas ! whose smile was love,  
I wander to some lonely cell :  
my sighs too weak—the maid to move,  
I bid the flatterer, Hope, farewell.

By all her Siren arts, forgot,  
that fill'd my bosom with alarms:  
ah! let her crime—a little spot,  
be lost amidst her blaze of charms.

As on I wander slow, my sighs,  
at ev'ry step, for Cynthia mourn:  
my anxious heart within me dies,  
and, sinking, whispers, 'oh, return.'

Deluded heart! thy folly know—  
nor fondly nurse the fatal flame—  
by absence, thou shalt lose thy woe;  
and only flutter at her name.



The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,  
which Mary to Anna convey'd;  
the plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r  
and weigh'd down it's beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet,  
and it seem'd, to a fanciful view,  
to weep for the buds it had left, with regret,  
on the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was  
for a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,  
and swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
I snapp'd it! it fell to the ground.

'And such,' I exclaim'd, 'is the pitiless part,  
some act by the delicate mind,  
regardless of wringing or breaking a heart  
already to sorrow inclin'd!

'This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
might have bloom'd with it's owner awhile;

and the tear that is wip'd with a little address,  
may be follow'd, perhaps, with a smile.'



In airy dreams soft fancy flies,  
my absent love to see;  
and with the early dawn I rise,  
dear youth! to think on thee.  
How swiftly flew the rosy hours,  
while love and hope were new;  
sweet as the breath of op'ning flow'rs,  
but, ah! as transient too.



BY DR. WOLCOT.

How long shall hapless Colin mourn  
the cold regard of Delia's eye?  
the heart whose only crime is love,  
can Delia's softness doom to die?

Sweet is thy name to Colin's ear;  
thy beauties, O divinely bright!  
In one short hour by Delia's side,  
I taste whole ages of delight.

Yet, tho' I lov'd thee more than life;  
not to displease a cruel maid,  
my tongue forbore it's fondest tale,  
and sigh'd amid the distant shade.

What happier shepherd wins thy smile,  
a bliss for which I hourly pine?  
Some swain, perhaps, whose fertile vales,  
and fleecy flocks, are more than mine.

Few are the vales that Colin boasts,  
and few the flocks those vales do rove,



all warn'd me of my lover's danger.  
For him did cares my bosom fill;  
ah! think on this and love me still.

For him, by day with care conceal'd,  
to bring him food I climb'd the mountain;  
and when the night no form reveal'd,  
jocund we sought the bubbling fountain.  
Then, then would joy my bosom fill;  
ah! think on this, and love me still.

*"Inkle and Yarico."*



### COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE.

Despairing beside a clear stream,  
a shepherd forsaken was laid,  
and, while a false nymph was his theme,  
a willow supported his head;  
the wind that blew over the plain  
to his sighs with a sigh did reply,  
and the brook in return to his pain  
ran mournfully murmuring by.

'Alas! silly swain, that I was!'  
thus sadly complaining he cry'd;  
'when first I beheld that fair face,  
't were better by far I had dy'd.  
She talk'd, and I blest her dear tongue,  
when she smil'd it was pleasure too great;  
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,  
was nightingale ever so sweet!

'How foolish was I to believe  
she would doat on so lowly a clown,  
or that her fond heart would not grieve



to forsake the fine folks of the town ;  
to think that a beauty so gay,  
so kind and so constant would prove,  
or go clad like our maidens in gray,  
and live in a cottage on love.

What tho' I have skill to complain,  
tho' the muses my temples have crown'd ?  
what tho' when they hear my soft strain,  
the virgins sit weeping around ?  
Ah, Colin ! thy hopes are in vain,  
thy pipe and thy laurel resign,  
thy fair one inclines to a swain  
whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,  
who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
whatever I suffer, forbear,  
forbear to accuse the false maid ;  
tho' through the wide world I should range,  
't is in vain from my fortune to fly ;  
't was her's to be false, and to change,  
't is mine to be constant—and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,  
in her breast any pity is found,  
let her come with the nymphs of the plain,  
and see me laid low in the ground :  
the last humble boon that I crave  
is to shade me with cypress and yew,  
and when she looks down on my grave  
let her own that her shepherd was true :

Then to her new love let her go,  
and deck her in golden array,  
be finest at every fine show,  
and frolick it all the long day :

when Colin forgotten and gone,  
no more shall be talk'd of or seen,  
unless when beneath the pale moon,  
his ghost shall glide over the green.'



Then, farewell, my trim-built wherry,  
oars and coat and badge, farewell;  
never more at Chelsea ferry  
shall your Thomas take a spell.

But, to hope and peace a stranger,  
in the battle's heat I go;  
where, expos'd to every danger,  
some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward steering,  
with the news my messmates come;  
even you, my story hearing,  
with a sigh may cry—' Poor Tom !'



Ah, where can fly my soul's true love?  
sad I wander this lone grove;  
sighs and tears for him I shed;  
Henry is from Laura fled.

Thy love to me thou didst impart;  
thy love soon won my virgin heart;  
But, dearest Henry! thou 'st betray'd  
thy love, with thy poor cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,  
sighing sad, with pearly tears;  
oft thy image is my theme,  
as I wander on the green:  
see from my cheek the colour flies,

and love's sweet hope within me dies;  
for oh! dear Henry! thou 'st betray'd  
thy love, with thy poor cottage maid.



Shepherds, I have lost my love,  
have you seen my Anna?  
pride of every shady grove,  
upon the banks of Banna!  
I for her my home forsook,  
near yon misty mountain;  
left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
greenwood shade, and fountain.  
Never shall I see them more  
until her returning,  
all the joys of life are o'er,  
from gladness chang'd to mourning.  
Whither is my charmer flown?  
shepherds, tell me whither?  
ah! woe 's me, perhaps she 's gone,  
for ever and for ever!



## TO STELLA.

BY THE REV. N. BULL.

Say, why that deep and frequent sigh  
heaves thy soft bosom, gentle fair?  
the tear that trembles in thine eye,  
ah! flows it from the fount of care?  
thou look'st, my love, like some fair flower,  
sinking beneath the dewy shower.

Too well I guess thy secret woe;  
thou weep'st to think, that one short day

may bid thy beauties cease to glow,  
and pilfer every grace away:  
't is this that melts thy tearful eyes,  
and heaves thy tender breast with sighs.

Yet shall not all thy beauties fade  
beneath rough Time's austere controul;  
his keenest frosts shall ne'er invade  
the bright recesses of thy soul,  
which, purer than the vestal flame,  
for ever burns and burns the same.

## INDIAN SONG.

BY C. DIBDIN.

Poor Orra tink of Yanko dear,  
tho' he be gone for ever;  
for he no dead—he still live here,  
and he from here go never.

Like on a sand me marke my face,  
de wave come roll him over;  
de mark he go, but still de place  
't is easy to discover.

I see fore now de tree, de flower,  
he droop like Orra, surely,  
and den by 'm bye dere come a shower,  
he hold him head up purely.

And so some time me tink me die,  
me heart so sick he grieve me;  
but in a lilly time me cry  
good deal—and dat relieve me.



## INDIAN SONG.

BY C. DIBDIN.

When Yanko dear fight far away,  
some token kind me send;  
one branch of olive, for dat say  
me wish de battle end.

De poplar tremble while him go,  
say of dy life take care;  
me send no laurel, for me know  
of dat he find him share.

De ivy say, my heart be true;  
me droop, say willow tree;  
de torn, he say, me sick for you;  
de sunflower, tink of me.

Till last me go weep wid de pine;  
for fear poor Yanko dead:  
he come! and I de myrtle twine  
in chaplet for him head.



I wish I were where Helen lies,  
night and day on me she cries  
to bear her company!  
O would that in her darksome bed  
my weary frame to rest were laid,  
from love and anguish free!





One morning, very early, one morning in the spring,  
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;  
her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus  
sung she,

I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,  
& cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me,  
yet I love his parents, since they 're his, altho' they 've  
ruin'd me ;

and I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying powers to call me to the  
sky,

I 'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love  
to fly :

to guard him from all dangers how happy should I be !  
for I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine,  
with roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;  
and I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea,  
for I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,  
or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest !  
to gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be ;  
for I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh if I were an eagle to soar into the sky !  
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love  
might spy ;

but, ah ! unhappy maiden ! that love you ne'er shall see,  
yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.







BY MICHAEL BRUCE.

Now spring returns, but not to me returns,  
the vernal joys my better days have known ;  
dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
and all the joys of life with health are flown.

The winged moments whose unstaying speed,  
no art can stop, or in their course arrest,  
whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
and lay me down in peace with them to rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate,  
and morning dreams, as poets tell, are true ;  
led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
and bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe,  
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,  
the sluggish streams that softly creep below,  
where mortals visit to return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains,  
enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,  
where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
and the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

Then let me wander at the close of eve,  
when sleep sits heavy on the labourer's eye ;  
the world and all it's busy follies leave,  
and talk with wisdom where my Daphnæ lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,  
when death shall shut these weary, aching eyes,  
rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.



SEA SONGS.

---

## THE STORM.

BY G. A. STEVENS.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer !

list, ye landsmen, all to me !

messmates, hear a brother sailor

· sing the dangers of the sea ;

from bounding billows, first in motion,

when the distant whirlwinds rise,

to the tempest-troubled ocean,

where the seas contend with skies !

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,

‘ by topsail sheets, and haulyards stand !

down top-gallants quick be hauling,

down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand !

Now it freshens, set the braces,

the topsail-sheets now let go ;

· luff, boys, luff ! don't make wry faces,

up your topsails nimbly clew.’

Now all you on down beds sporting,

fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;

fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,

safe from all but love's alarms ;

round us roars the tempest louder ;

think what fears our minds enthrall ;

harder yet, it yet blows harder,

now again the boatswain calls !

· The topsail-yards point to the wind, boys,

see all clear to reef each course ;

let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,

tho' the weather should be worse.  
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get,  
reef the mizen, see all clear,  
hands up, each preventure brace set,  
man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer !

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,  
peal on peal contending clash,  
on our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
in our eyes blue lightnings flash.  
One wide water all around us,  
all above us one black sky,  
different deaths at once surround us,  
hark ! what means that dreadful cry !

' The foremast's gone,' cries every tongue out,  
' O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;  
a leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,  
call all hands to clear the wreck.

Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;  
come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;  
plumb the well—the leak increases,  
four feet water in the hold.'

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,  
we for wives or children mourn :  
alas ! from hence there's no retreating,  
alas ! to them there's no return.

Still the leak is gaining on us :  
both chain-pumps are choak'd below.—  
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !  
for only that can save us now.

' O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,  
let the guns o'erboard be thrown ;  
to the pump, come ev'ry hand, boys,  
see ! our mizen-mast is gone.



The leak we 've found it can't pour fast,  
 we 've lighten'd her a foot or more ;  
 up, and rig a jury foremast.

She rights, she rights, boys, we 're off shore !

Now once more on joys we 're thinking,  
 since kind heav'n has sav'd our lives ;  
 come, the can, boys ! let 's be drinking  
 to our sweethearts and our wives.

Fill it up, about ship wheel it,  
 close to our lips a brimmer join,  
 where 's the tempest now, who feels it ?  
 none—the danger 's drown'd in wine.



BY CAPTAIN THOMSON.

The topsails shiver in the wind,  
 the ship she casts to sea ;  
 but yet my soul, my heart, my mind,  
 are, Mary, moor'd with thee :  
 for, tho' thy sailor 's bound afar,  
 still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we 're sail'd,  
 O doubt their artful tales ;

no gallant sailor ever fail'd,

if Cupid fill'd his sails :

thou art the compass of my soul,  
 which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,  
 more fell than rocks and waves ;  
 but sailors of the British fleet  
 are lovers, and not slaves.

No foes our courage shall subdue,  
 altho' we 've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares ; but, if you 're kind,  
 we 'll scorn the dashing main,

the rocks, the billows, and the wind,  
the pow'rs of France and Spain.  
Now Britain's glory rests with you,  
our sails are full—sweet girls! adieu!

---

In storms when clouds obscure the sky,  
and thunders roll, and lightnings fly,  
in midst of all these dire alarms,  
I think, my Sally, on thy charms:  
the troubled main, the wind and rain,  
my ardent passion prove;  
lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,  
I'd think of thee, my love.

When rocks appear on ev'ry side,  
and art is vain the ship to guide,  
in varied shapes when death appears,  
the thoughts of thee my bosom cheers:  
the troubled main, the wind and rain,  
my ardent passion prove;  
lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,  
I'd think of thee, my love!

But should the gracious pow'rs be kind,  
dispel the gloom and still the wind,  
and waft me to thy arms once more,  
safe to my long-lost native shore,  
no more the main I'd tempt again,  
but tender joys improve;  
I then with thee should happy be,  
and think on nought but love.

---

The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,  
a competence in life to gain;

The leak we 've found it can't pour fast,  
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I then with thee should happy be,  
and think on nought but love.

---

The wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,  
a competence in life to gain;



undaunted braves the stormy seas,  
to find at last content and ease;  
in hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,  
to anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,  
and thunders shake from pole to pole;  
tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,  
still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;  
in hopes when toil and danger's o'er,  
to anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew  
the early scenes of youth renew,  
tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,  
this is the universal toast:

May we, when toil and danger's o'er,  
cast anchor on our native shore!



BY C. DIBDIN:

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear  
the main-mast by the board—  
my heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
and love well stor'd,  
shall brave all danger, scorn all fear—  
the roaring winds, the raging sea,  
in hopes once more to be on shore  
safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,  
the whistling winds that scud along,  
and the surge roaring from below,  
shall my signal be,  
to think on thee,  
and this shall be my song:  
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night, when all the crew  
the mem'ry of their former lives  
o'er flowing cans of flip renew,  
and drink their sweethearts and their wives,  
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;  
and, as the ship rolls through the sea,  
the burthen of my song shall be,  
blow high, blow low, let tempests tear  
the main-mast by the board—  
my heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,  
and love well stor'd,  
shall brave all dangers, scorn all fear—  
the roaring winds, the raging sea,  
in hopes once more, to be on shore  
safe moor'd with thee.

---

How pleasant a sailor's life passes,  
who roams o'er the wat'ry main!  
no treasure he ever amasses,  
but cheerfully spends all his gain.  
We're strangers to party and faction,  
to honour and honesty true;  
and would not commit a bad action  
for power or profit in view.

*Chor.* Then why should we quarrel for riches,  
or any such glittering toy?  
a light heart and thin pair of breeches  
goes thorough the world, my brave boy.

The world is a beautiful garden,  
enrich'd with the blessings of life,  
the toiler with plenty rewarding,  
where plenty too often breeds strife.  
When terrible tempests assail us,  
and mountainous billows affright;



no grandeur or wealth can avail us,  
but skilful industry steers right.

Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,  
who rules at the helm of the state,  
than we, who're to politics strangers,  
thus escape the snares laid for the great.

The various blessings of nature,  
in different nations we try :

no mortal than us can be greater,  
who merrily live till we die.

Then why should, &c.



Ye ling'ring gales that feebly blow,  
why thus impede my way ?

Why moves the lazy ship so slow  
when Mary moans my stay ?

For when she bade me last adieu,  
she dropp'd a tear, and cry'd, ' be true.'

Oft as the midnight watch I keep,  
and view the sparkling sea ;  
while round my shipmates careless sleep,  
I fondly think of thee :

remembrance paints my last adieu,  
when Mary wept, and cry'd, ' be true.'

Oft up the shrouds my steps are borne,  
to take my airy stand ;

and oft my longing eyes I turn,  
and look in vain for land :

dejected I rejoin the crew,  
yet fondly hope, my Mary's true.

Come, then, ye gentle pleasing gales,  
to one propitious prove ;

come, swell the bosom of the sails,  
and waft me to my love:  
safe in her arms, to toils adieu,  
if still I find my Mary true.

---

## THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

Life's like a ship in constant motion,  
sometimes high and sometimes low;  
where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,  
whatsoever wind does blow:  
when unassail'd by squall or shower,  
wafted by the gentle gales,  
let us not lose the fav'ring hour  
while success attends our sails.

If all the wayward winds should bluster,  
let us not give way to fear,  
but each brave man his patience muster,  
and learn, by reason, how to steer:  
let judgment keep you ever steady,  
it is a ballast never fails;  
should dangers rise, be ever ready  
to manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not, too much, your own opinion,  
while your vessel's under way;  
let good example bear dominion,  
that's a compass will not stray:  
when thund'ring tempests make you shudder,  
or Boreas on the surface rails,  
let good discretion take the rudder,  
and providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding  
in some welcome port or bay;  
hope be the anchor you confide in,

and care, awhile, enslumber'd lay:  
 and while heaven's bounty round is flowing,  
 when passion's storm no more prevails,  
 let each true heart, with rapture glowing,  
 bless the hand that guides the sails.



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G. Nicholson, Poughnill.



# BALLADS & SONGS.

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## SCOTISH SONGS.

---

### CHILD MAURICE.

Child Maurice was an erle's son,  
 his name it waxed wide;  
 it was nae for his great riches,  
 nor yit his meikle pride,  
 but it was for his mother gay  
 wha livd on Carron side.

‘Whar sall I get a bonny boy,  
 that will win hose and shoen,  
 that will gae to lord Barnard's ha,  
 and bid his lady come?’

‘And ye maun rin errand Willie,  
 and ye maun rin wi speid;  
 when ither boys gang on their feet  
 ye sall ha prancing steid.’

‘Oh no! oh no! my master deir!  
 I dar na for my life;  
 I'll no gae to the bauld barons,  
 for to triest furth his wife.’

‘My bird Willie, my boy Willie,  
 my deir Willie,’ he said,  
 ‘how can ye strive against the strejm?  
 for I sall be obey'd.’

‘But O, my master dear!’ he cryd,  
 ‘in grenewode ye're your lane;



gi owr sic thochts I wald ye red,  
for feir ye sold be tane.'

' Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha,  
bid her come here wi speid ;  
if ye refuse my hie command,  
I'll gar your body bleid.

' Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,  
tis a gowd but the hem ;  
bid her come to the gude grenewode,  
ein by hersel alane :

' and there it is, a silken sarke,  
her ain hand sewd the sleive ;  
and bid her come to Child Maurice ;  
speir nae bauld baron's leive.'

' Yes I will gae your black errand,  
thouch it be to your cost ;  
sen ye will nae be warpd by me,  
in it ye sall find frost.

' The baron he 's a man o micht,  
he neir cold bide to taunt ;  
and ye will see before it's nicht,  
sma cause ye ha to vaunt.

' And sen I maun your errand rin  
sae sair against my will,  
I'se mak a vow and keip it trow,  
it sall be done for ill.'

When he cam to the broken brig,  
he bent his bow and swam ;  
and whan he cam to grass growing,  
set down his feet and ran.

And whan he cam to Barnards yeat

wold neither chap nor ca,  
but set his bent bow to his breist,  
and lichtly lap the wa.

He wald na tell the man his errand  
thoch he stude at the yeat;  
but streight into the ha he cam,  
whar they were set at meat.

‘ Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!  
my message winna wait,  
dame ye maun to the grenewode gae,  
afore that it be late,

‘ Ye ’re bidden tak this gay mantel,  
’t is a gowd but the hem :  
ye maun haste to the gude grenewode,  
ein by yoursel alane.

‘ And there it is, a silken sark,  
your ain hand sewd the sleive ;  
ye maun gae speik to Child Maurice ;  
speir na bauld baron’s leive.’

The lady stamped wi her foot,  
and winked wi her eie ;  
but a that she cold say or do,  
forbidden he wald nae be.

‘ It’s surely to my bower woman,  
’it neir cold be to me.’

‘ I brocht it to lord Barnard’s lady,  
I trow that ye be she.’

Then up and spak the wylie nurse,  
(the bairn upon her knee),

‘ if it be come from Child Maurice  
it’s deir welcum to me.’

‘ Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,



sae loud as I heir ye lie ;  
I brocht it to lord Barnard's lady,  
I trow ye be nae shee.'

Then up and spake the bauld baron,  
an angry man was he :  
he has tane the table wi his foot,  
sae has he wi his knie,  
till crystal cup and ezar dish  
in flinters he gard flie.

' Gae bring a robe of your cliding  
wi a the haste ye can,  
and I 'll gae to the gude grenewode,  
and speik wi your lemman.'

' O bide at hame now lord Barnard !  
I ward ye bide at hame ;  
neir wyte a man for violence,  
wha neir wyte ye wi nane.'

Child Maurice sat in the grenewode,  
he whistled and he sang :

' O what meins a the folk coming ?  
my mother tarries lang.'

The baron to the grenewode cam,  
wi meikle dule and care ;  
and there he first spyd Child Maurice,  
kaming his yellow hair.

' Nae wonder, nae wonder, Child Maurice,  
my lady loes thee weil ;  
the fairest part of my body  
is blacker than thy heil.

' Yet neir the less now, Child Maurice,  
for a thy great bewtie,



ye'se rew the day ye eir was born;  
that head sall gae wi me.'

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,  
and slaided ovr the strae;  
and through Child Maurice fair body  
he gar'd the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Child Maurice heid,  
and set it on a speir;  
the meinst man in a his train  
has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Child Maurice up,  
laid him across his steid;  
and brocht him to his painted bower  
and laid him on a bed.

The lady on the castle wa  
beheld baith dale and down;  
and there she saw Child Maurice heid  
cum trailing to the toun.

'Better I loe that bluidy heid,  
bot and that yellow hair,  
than lord Barnard and a his lands  
as they lig here and there.'

And she has tane Child Maurice heid,  
and kissed baith cheik and chin;  
'I was anes fow of Child Maurice,  
as the hip is o the stane.

'I gat ye in my father's house  
wi meikle sin and shame;  
I brocht ye up in the grenewode,  
ken'd to mysell alane:

aft have I by thy craddle sitten,  
and fondly sein thee sleip;



but now I maun gae 'bout thy grave  
a mother's teirs to weip.'

Again she kiss'd his bluidy cheik,  
again his bluidy chin;

' O better I loed my son Maurice,  
then a my kyth and kin !'

' Awa, awa, ye ill woman,  
an ill dethe may ye die !

gin I had ken'd he was your son  
he had neir been slayne by me.'

' Obraid me not, my lord Barnard !  
obraid me not for shame !

wi that sam speir, O perce my heart,  
and save me frae my pain !

' Since naething but Child Maurice heid  
thy jealous rage cold quell,  
let that same hand now tak her lyfe,  
that neir to thee did ill.

' To me nae after days nor nights  
will eir be saft or kind :  
I 'll fill the air wi heavy sighs,  
and greit till I be blind.'

' Eneuch of bluid by me 's been spilt,  
seek not your dethe frae me ;  
I 'd rather far it had been mysell,  
than either him or thee.

' Wi hopeless wae I hear your plaint,  
sair, sair I rue the deid.—  
That eir this cursed hand of mine  
sold gar his body bleid !

' Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,  
they neir can heal the wound ;

ye see his heid upon the speir,  
his heart's bluid on the ground.

' I curse the hand that did the deid,  
the heart that thocht the ill,  
the feet that bare me wi sic speid,  
the comlie youth to kill.

' I'll aye lament for Child Maurice  
as gin he war my ain ;  
I'll neir forget the dreiry day  
on which the youth was slain.'



#### THE CHILD OF ELLE.

On yonder hill a castle standes,  
with walles and towres bedight :  
and yonder lives the Child of Elle,  
a young and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,  
and stood at his garden pale,  
whan, lo, he beheld fair Emmeline's page  
come tripping doune the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,  
y-wis he stoode not stille,  
and soone he mette fair Emmeline's page  
come climbing up the hille.

Now Christe thee save thou little foot-page,  
now Christe thee save and see,  
oh telle me how does thy ladye gaye,  
and what may thy tydings be ?

My ladye shee is all woe-begone,  
and the teares they fall from her eyne ;



and aye shee laments the deadly feude  
betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe,  
bedewde with many a teare;  
and biddes thee sometimes think on her  
who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of gold,  
the last boon thou mayst have;  
and biddes thee weare it for her sake  
whan shee is lain in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,  
and in grave soone must shee bee,  
sith her father hath chose her a new love,  
and forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath broucht her a carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye.  
And within three days shee must him wedde  
or he vowes he will her slaye.'

'Now hye thee back, thou little foot page,  
and greet thy ladye from mee,  
and telle her that I, her owne true-love,  
will dye or sette her free.

'Now hye thee backe, thou little foot-page  
and let thy fair ladye know,  
this night I will be at her bowre-windowe,  
betide me weale or woe.'

'The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,  
he neither stint na stayd,  
until he came to fair Emmeline's bowre,  
whan kneeling down he sayd;

'O, ladye, I've been with thy own true love,  
and he greets thee well by mee;

——  
this night will he bee at thy bowre windowe,  
and die or sett thee free.'

Now day was gone and night was come,  
and all were fast asleepe:  
all save the ladye Emmeline,  
who sate in her bowre to weepe.

And sune shee heard her true love's voice,  
lowe whispering at the walle;  
'Awake, awake, my dear ladye,  
't is I thy true love call.

'Awake, awake my ladye deare,  
come mount this fair palfraye;  
this ladder of ropes will letté thee downe,  
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.'

'Now naye, now naye, thou gentle knighte,  
now naye this may not bee;  
for aye should I tine my maiden fame  
if alone I should wend with thee.'

'O, ladye, thou with a knight so true  
mayst safelye wend alone,  
to my ladye mother I will thee bring,  
where marriage shall make us one.'

'My father he is a baron bolde,  
of lynage proud and hye,  
and what would he saye if his daughter  
awaye with a knight should flye?

'Ah well I wot he never would rest,  
nor his meate should do him no goode;  
till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,  
and seene thy deare heart's bloode.'

'O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
and a little space him fro,



I would not care for thy cruel father,  
nor the worst that he could doe.

‘ O, ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,  
and once without this walle,  
I would not care for thy cruel father,  
nor the worst that might befall.’

Fair Emmeline sighd, fair Emmeline wept,  
and aye her heart was woe,  
at lengthe he seizde her lilly-white hand,  
and doune the ladder he drewe.

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,  
and kist her tenderlie;  
the tears that fell from her fair eyes  
ranne like the fountayne free.

He mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,  
and her on a fair palfraye,  
and slung his bugle about his necke,  
and roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her own damselle,  
in her bed whereas shee lay,  
quoth shee, ‘ my lord shall know of this,  
so I shall have golde and fee.

‘ Awake, awake, thou baron bold !  
awake, my noble dame !  
your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,  
to doe the deede of shame.’

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,  
and callde his merry men all ;  
‘ and come thou forth, Sir John the knight,  
the ladye is carried to thrall.’

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,  
a mile forth of the towne,



when she was aware of her father's men  
come galloping over the downe.

The foremost came the carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye,

' Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitour,  
nor carry that ladye awaye,

' For shee is come of hye lynage,  
and was of a ladye borne;

and ill it beseemes thee, a false churles's sonne,  
to carry her hence to scorne.'

' Nowe loud thou lvest, Sir John the knight,  
nowe thou doest lye of mee;

a knight me gott, and a ladye me bore,  
soe never did none by thee.

' But light nowe doune, my ladye faire,  
light doune and hold my steede,

while I and this discourteous knight  
do try this arduous deede.'

Faire Emmeline sighd, faire Emmeline wept,  
and aye her heart was woe;

while twixt her love and the carlish knight,  
past many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought soe well,  
as his weapon he wavde amaine,

that soone he had slaine the carlish knight,  
and layd him upon the playne.

And nowe the baron and all his men  
full fast approached nye,

ah what maye ladye Emmeline doe!  
't were nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,  
and blew both loud and shrill,



and soone he sawe his owne merry men  
come rydyng over the hill.

‘ Now hold thy hand, thou bold baron,  
I pray thee hold thy hand ;  
nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts  
fast knit in true love’s band.

‘ Thy daughter I have dearly lovde,  
full long and many a day,  
but with such love as holy kirke  
hath freelye said wee may.

‘ O give consent shee may be mine,  
and blesse a faithful paire ;  
my lands and livings are not small,  
my house and lynage faire.

‘ My mother shee was an erle’s daughter,  
and a noble knight my sire.’—  
The baron he frownde and turn’d away,  
with meikle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighd, fair Emmeline wept,  
and did all trembling stand ;  
at lengthe shee sprang upon her knee,  
and held his lifted hand.

‘ Pardon, my lord and father deare,  
this faire yong knight and mee,  
trust me, but for the carlish knight  
I never had fled from thee.

‘ Oft have you callde your Emmeline  
your darling and your joye ;  
O let not then your harsh resolves  
your Emmeline destroye.’

The baron he stroakd his dark broun cheeke,  
and turn’d his head asyde,

to wipe away the starting teare  
he proudly strave to hyde.  
In deep revolving thought he stooed,  
and mus'd a little space;  
then rais'd fair Emmeline from the grounde,  
with many a fond embrace.  
' Here take her, Child of Elle,' he sayd;  
and gave her lillye hand:  
' here take my deare and only child,  
and with her half my land.  
' Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,  
in dayes of youthful pride,  
do thou the injury repayre  
in fondness for thy bride.  
' And as thou love her, and hold her deare,  
heaven prosper thee and thine;  
and now my blessing wend wi' thee,  
my lovlye Emmeline.



## GILDEROY.

Gilderoy was a bonny boy,  
had roses till his shoon;  
his stockings were of silken soy,  
wi garters hanging down.  
It was, I ween, a comlie sight  
to see sae trim a boy:  
he was my joy, and hearts delight,  
my handsome Gilderoy.  
O sic twa charming een he had!  
breath sweet as ony rose:



he never ware a highland plaid,  
but costly silken clothes.

He gain'd the luvè of ladies gay,  
nane eer to him was coy :

ah wae is me, I mourn the day  
for my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born  
beith in ae toun together ;

we scant were seven years before  
we gan to luvè ilk ither :

our dadies and our mamies thay  
were fill'd wi mikle joy,

to think upon the bridal day  
of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy that luvè of mine  
gude faith, I freely bought

a wedding sark of Holland fine,  
wi dainty ruffles wrought ;

and he gied me a wedding ring  
which I receiv'd wi joy :

nae lad nor lassie eer could sing  
like me and Gilderoy.

Wi mickle joy we spent our prime  
till we were baith sixteen,

and aft we past the langsame time  
amang the leaves sae green :

aft on the banks we 'd sit us thair,  
and sweetly kiss and toy ;

while he wi garlands deck'd my hair,  
my handsome Gilderoy.

Oh that he still had been content  
wi me to lead his life !

but, ah, his maunfu heart was bent

to stir in feats of strife.

And he in many a venturous deed  
his courage bauld wad try;  
and now this gars my heart to bleed  
for my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,  
the tears they wat mine ee:  
I gied him sic a parting luik!  
'My benison gang wi thee!  
God speed thee weil my ain dear heart,  
for gane is all my joy;  
my heart is rent, sith we maun part,  
my handsome Gilderoy.'

My Gilderoy, baith far and near  
was fear'd in every toun;  
and-bauldly bare awa the geir  
of mony a lawland loun.  
For man to man durst meet him nane,  
he was sae brave a boy;  
at length wi numbers he was tane,  
my winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws  
to hang a man for gear;  
to reave of life for sic a cause  
as stealing horse or mare!  
Had not their laws been made sae strick  
I neer had lost my joy;  
wi sorrow neer had wat my cheek  
for my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amiss,  
he mought hae banisht been;—  
ah what sair cruelty is this,  
to hang sic handsome men!

To hang the flower o Scottish land,  
 sae sweet and fair a boy:—  
 nae lady had sae white a hand  
 as thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,  
 wi irons his limbs they strung;  
 to Edinborow led him thair,  
 and on a gallows hung.  
 They hung him high aboon the rest,  
 he was sae bauld a boy;  
 thair dyed the youth wham I lued best,  
 my handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath  
 I bare his corse away,  
 wi tears, that trickled for his death,  
 I wash'd his comlie clay;  
 and siker in a grave right deep  
 I laid the dear lued boy:  
 and now for ever I maun weep,  
 my winsome Gilderoy.

#### FLODDEN FIELD.

I have heard o lilting at the ewes milking,  
 lasses a lilting eir the break o day;  
 but now I hear a moaning on ilka green loaning,  
 sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

At bouchts in the morning nae blyth lads are scorning,  
 the lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;  
 nae daffin, nae gabbing, but siching and sabbing;  
 ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.



At een in the gloming nae swankies are roaming,  
'mang stacks wi the lasses at bogle to play;  
for ilk ane sits dreary, lamenting her deary;  
the flowers o the Forest, wha're a wed away.

In harst at the sheiring na yonkers are jeiring;  
the bansters are lyart, runkled, and gray;  
at fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,  
sen our bra foresters are a wed away.

O dule for the order sent our lads to the border!  
the English for anes by gyle wan the day.  
The flowers o the Forest, wha ay shone the foremost,  
the prime o the land lye cauld in the clay!



#### LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

Balow, my babe, lye still and sleip;  
it grieves me sair to see thee weip:  
if thou 'lt be silent I'll be glad,  
thy maining maks my heart full sad;  
balow, my boy, thy mither's joy;  
thy father breids me great annoy.

Whan he began to seik my luv,  
and wi his sucred words to muve;  
his feining fause, and flatt'ring cheir,  
to me that time did nocht appeir;  
but now I see that cruel he  
cares neither for my babe nor me.

Lye still, my darling, sleip awhile,  
and whan thou wak'st sweetly smile;  
but smile nae as thy father did  
to cozen maids, nay God forbid;  
what yet I feir, that thou sold leir  
thy father's heart and face to beir!



Be still, my sad one: spare those teirs,  
to weip whan thou has wit and yeirs;  
thy griefs are gathering to a sum,  
God grant thee patience whan they cum;  
born to proclaim thy mother's shame,  
a father's fall, a bastard's name.



### TO HIS HAIRT.

Return thé hamewart, hairt, agane;  
and byde quhair thou wast wont to be:  
thou art ane fule to suffer pane  
for luvè of hir that luvis not thé.

My hairt, lat be sic fantesie;  
luve nane bot as they mak thé cause:  
and lat her seik ane hairt for thé,  
for feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

To quhat effect sould thou be thrall  
but thank? Sen thou has thy fré will,  
my hairt be nocht sa bestial;  
but knaw quha dois thé guid or ill.

Remane with me, and tary still,  
and se quha playis best their pawis;  
and lat fillok ga fling her fill,  
for fend a crum of thé scho fawis.

Thoch scho be fair I will not fenyie,  
scho is the kind of utheris ma:  
for quhy? Thair is a fellone menyie  
that semis gud, and ar not sa.

My hairt tak now dir pape nor wa,  
for Meg, for Merjory, or yit Mawis,

bot be thou glaid, and latt hir ga,  
for feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

Becauss I find scho tuk in ill,  
at her depairting thow mak na cair,  
bot all begyld go quhar scho will;  
a schrew the hairt that mane makis mair!  
My hairt be mirry late and air,  
this is the fynall end and clause;  
and let hir fallow ane silly fair,  
for feind a crum of thé scho fawis.

~~~~~  
RONDEL OF LUFVE.

Lo quhat it is to lufe,
lern ye that list to prufe;
be me, I say, that no ways may
the grund of grief remuve:
bot still decay both nicht and day.

Lo quhat it is to lufe!

Lufe is ane fervent fyre
kendillit with desyre,
schort plesour, lang displesour,
repentance is the hyre;
ane puir tresour without messour.

Lufe is ane fervent fyre,

To lufe and to be wyiss;
to rege with gude adwyiss;
now thus, now than, so gois the game
incertaine is the dyiss.

Thair is no man, I say, that can
both lufe and to be wyiss.

Flé alwayis frome the snair:
lerne at me to beware



it is ane pane, and double trane,
 of endless wo and cair.
 For to refrane that danger plane,
 flé alwayis frome the snair.



In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 and frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 and Boreas, wi his blasts sae bauld,
 was thetning a our ky to kill;
 then Bell, my wife, wha loes na strife,
 said unto me right hastilie,
 'Get up, goodman, save Crumy's life,
 and tak your auld klok about ye.'

He. 'O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn?
 thou ken'st my klok is very thin,
 it is so bare and overworn,
 a cricke he thereon cannot rin.
 Then I'll nae langer borow nor lend,
 for ance I'll new apparel'd be;
 to morow I'll to toun and spend,
 I'll have a new klok about me.'

She. 'My Crumy is ane usefu cow,
 and she is come of a good kine;
 aft has she wet the barnis mow;
 and I am laith that she should tyne.
 Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 the sun shines in the list sa hie;
 sloth nevir made a gracious end,
 gae tak your auld klok about ye.'

He. 'My klok was anes a good grey klok,
 when it was fitting for my wear;
 but now it's scanty worth a groat,

for I have worn 't this thritty year.
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 we little ken the day we'll die;
 then I'll be proud sen I have sworn
 to have a new klok about me.'

She. ' In days when our king Robert rang,
 his trews they cost but half-a-crown,
 he said they were a groat ovr dear,
 and ca'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king, that wore a croun,
 and thou 'rt a man of laigh degree;
 't is pride puts a the country doun,
 sae tak thy auld klok about thee.'

He. ' Every land has it's ain lough,
 ilk kind o corn has it's hool;
 I think the warld is a run wrang
 when ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not sie Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 as they are girded gallantly,
 while I sit hurklen in the ase?
 I'll ha a new clock about me.'

She. ' Goodman, I wat 't is thritty years
 syne we did ane anither ken,
 and we have had atween us twa
 of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 now they are women groun and men,
 I wish and pray weil may they be:
 and why wilt thou thysell misken?
 een tak your auld klok about ye.'

He. ' Bell, my wife, she, loes na strife,
 but she wald guide me if she can;
 and to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman.

Noght's to be won at woman's hand
 unless ye gie her a the plea ;
 then I'll leave off where I began,
 and tak my auld clok about me.



Oh how could I venture to luv ane like thee,
 and you not despise a poor conquest like me?
 on lords, thy admirers, could look wi disdain,
 and knew I was naething yet pitied my pain?
 you said, while they teas'd you with nonsense and dress,
 when real the passion the vanity's less.

You saw through that silence which others despise,
 and while beaus were a-tauking read luv in my eyes.

O how shall I fauld thee and kiss a thy charms,
 till fainting wi pleasure I die in thy arms,
 through all the wild transports of extacy tost,
 till sinking together, together we're lost!

O where is the maid that like thee ne'er can cloy,
 whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy,
 and when the short raptures are all at an end,
 from beautiful mistress turns sensible friend?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
 (too nice for expression) what only we feel:
 in a that ye do, in each look and each mien,
 the graces in waiting adorn you unseen.

When I see you I luv you, when hearing, adore ;
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more:
 till mad wi admiring I canna contain,
 and, kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom how can I despair?
 I'll gaze on thy beauties and look awa care ;
 I'll ask thy advice when with troubles opprest,

which never displeases, but always is best.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment require,
thy wit shall correct what thy charms did inspire.
I'll kiss thee and press thee till youth is all o'er;
and then live in friendship when passion's no more.



ETTRICK BANKS.

On Ettrick banks in a summer's night,
at glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie bra and tight,
come wading barefoot a her lane:
my heart grew light, I ran, I flang
my arms about her lily neck,
and kiss'd and clap'd her there fou lang;
my words they were no mony, feck.

I said, ' My lassie, will ye go
to the highland hills, the Erse to learn?
I'll gie ye baith a ew and cow
when ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, neer fash,
and herrings at the Broomy Law;
cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
there's gear to win we never saw.

' When we all day have wrought eneuch,
when winter-frosts and snaw begin,
soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
at night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes and play a spring;
and there the weary night we'll en,
till tender kid-and-lamb time bring
our pleasant simmer back again.



‘ Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
and gowans gleim oer ilka field,
I ’ll meet my lass amang the broom,
and lead you to my simmer bield :
then far frae a their scornfu din,
wha mak the kindly hearts their sport,
we ’ll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
and gar the longest day seem short.



BLACKFORD HILL.

The man wha lues fair nature’s charms,
let him gae to Blackford hill;
and wander there amang the craigs,
or down aside the rill;
that murmuring through the peblis plays,
and banks whar daisies spring;
while fra ilk bush and tree, the birds
in sweetest concert sing.

The lintie the sharp treble sounds;
the laverock tenor plays;
the blackbird and the mavis join
to form a solemn base;
sweet Echo the loud air repeats,
till a the valley rings:
while odorous scents the westlin wind
frae thousand wild flowers brings.

The Hermitage aside the burn
in shady covert lyes,
frae Pride and Folly’s noisy rounds
fit refuge for the wise;
wha there may study as they list,

and pleasures taste at will,
yet never leave the varied bounds
of bonny Blackford hill.

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### THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

While some praise the pastoral margin of Tweed,  
and others the beautiful banks of the Tay,  
accept, O fair Clyde, of my dutiful lay;  
thy rural meanders no stream can exceed.

Full oft thy wild banks in my youth did I tread  
the trout and the par from thy wave to decoy;  
Maria then shar'd in my innocent joy;—  
but Maria is false and my pleasures are fled!

~~~~~

My daddy is a canker'd carle,
he'll na twin wi his geir;
my minny is a scalding wife
hads a the house a steer.
*But let them say, or let them do,
it's a ane to me.*
*For he's low down in the broom
waiting for me;
waiting for me, my love,
waiting for me,*
*for he's low down in the broom
waiting for me.*

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel
and sair she lightlies me;
but weil I ken it's a for spite,
for neer a jo has she.
But let them say, &c.

My cousin Madge was sair beguil'd
 wi Johny o the glen;
 and ay sinsyne she cries, 'Beware
 of false deluding men.'

But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night
 and spier'd when I saw Pate;
 ane ay sinsyne the neighbours round
 they jeer me air and late.

Bnt let them say, &c.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

Lord Thomas and fair Annet
 sat ae day on a hill;
 whan nicht was cum, and sun was sett,
 they had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
 fair Annet took it ill;

'A! I wull nevir wed a wife
 against my ain friends wull.'

'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
 a wife wull neir wed yee.'

Sae he has haine to tell his mither,
 and knelt upon his knee.

'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,
 'a gude rede gie to mee:

O sall I take the nut-browne bride,
 and let fair Annet bee?'

'The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
 fair Annet she has gat nane;
 and the little bewtie fair Annet haes,
 O it wull soon be gane!'

And he has till his brither gane:

‘ Now, brither, rede ye mee;

A! sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
and let fair Annet bee?’

‘ The nut-browne bride has oxen, brither,
the nut-browne bride has kye;

I wade hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
and cast fair Annet bye.’

‘ Her oxen may dye i’ the house, Billie,
and her kye into the byre;

and I sall hae naething to mysell
but a fat fadge by the fire.’

And he has till his sister gane:

‘ Now, sister rede ye me;

O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
and set fair Annet free?’

‘ Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
and let the browne bride alane;

lest ye sould sigh, and say, alace!
what is this we brought hame?’

‘ No, I wull tak my mithers counsel,
and marrie me owt o’ hand;

and I wull tak the nut-browne bride;
fair Annet may leive the land.’

Up then rose fair Annet’s father

twahours or it wer day,
and he is gane into the bower
wherein fair Annet lay.

‘ Rise up, rise up, fair Annet,’ he says,

‘ put on your silken sheene;
let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
and see that rich wedden.’



‘ My maides, gae to my dressing-room,
and dress to me my hair;
whair-eir yee laid a plait before
see yee lay ten times mair.

‘ My maides, gae to my dressing-room,
and dress to me my smock;
the one half is o’ the holland fine,
the other o’ neidle-work.’

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
he amblit like the wind,
wi siller he was shod before,
wi burning gowd behind.

Four-and-twenty siller bells
wer a tied till his mane,
wi yae tift o’ the norland wind,
they tinkled ane by ane.

Four-and-twenty gude knights
rade by fair Annets side,
and four-and-twenty fair ladies,
as gin she had bin a bride.

And whan she cam to Maries kirke,
she sat on Maries stean;
the cleading that fair Annet had on
it shinkled in their ean.

And whan she cam into the kirke,
she skimmer’d like the sun;
the belt that was about her waist
was a wi pearls bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
and her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
when fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
he gae it kisses three,
and, reaching by the nut-browne bride,
laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
she spak wi meikle spite ;
' and whair gat ye that rose-water
that does mak ye sae white ?'

' O I did get the rose-water
whair ye wull neir get nane ;
for I did get that very rose-water
into my mithers wame.'

The bride she drew a long bodkin
frae out her gay head-gear,
and strake fair Annet into the heart,
that word spak nevir mair.

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wax pale,
and marvelit what mote bee ;
bot whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
a wood-wroth waxed hee.

He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
that was sae sharp and meet,
and drave it into the nut-browne bride,
that fell deid at his feit.

' Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he said,
' now stay, my dear,' he cryd ;
then strake the dagger untill his heart,
and fell deid by her side.

Lord Thomas was bury'd without kirkewa,
fair Annet within the quiere ;
and o' the tane thair grew a birk,
the other a bonny briere.



And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 as they wad faine he neare;
 and by this ye my ken right weil,
 they wer twa livers deare.



CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble king,
 our lives and saftyes all;
 a woeful hunting once there did
 in Chevy-Chace befall;
 to drive the deere with hound and horne,
 Earl Percy took his way;
 the child may rue that is unborne,
 the hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 a vow to God did make,
 his pleasure in the Scottish woods
 three summer days to take;
 the cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
 to kill and beare away.

These tydings to Earl Douglas came,
 in Scotland where he lay:

who sent Earl Percy present word,
 he would prevent his sport.

The English Earl not fearing this,
 did to the woods resort.

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
 all chosen men of might,
 who knew full well in time of neede,
 to aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds quickly ran,
to chace the fallow-deere:
on Monday they began to hunt,
ere day-light did appear;

and long before high noone they had
an hundred fat buckes slaine;
then having din'd, the drovers went
to rouze them up againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
well able to endure;
their backsides all, with special care,
that day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
the nimble deere to take,
and with their cryes the hills and dales
an echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
to view the tender deere;
quoth he, 'Earl Douglas promised
this day to meet me heere:

'but if I thought he would not come,
no longer would I stay.'

With that, a brave younge gentleman
thus to the Earl did say,

'loe yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
his men in armour bright;
full twenty hundred Scottish speares
all marching in our sight;

'all men of pleasant Tivydale,
fast by the river Tweede:'

'Then cease your sport,' Earl Percy said,
'and take your bowes with speede:

‘ and now with me, my countrymen,
your courage forth advance ;
for never was there champion yet
in Scotland or in France,

‘ that ever did on horsebacke come,
but if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
with him to break a speare.’

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steede,
most like a baron bold,
rode foremost of his company,
whose armour shone like gold :

‘ Shew me,’ sayd he, ‘ whose men you bee,
that hunt sae boldly heere,
that, without my consent, do chase
and kill my fallow-deere?’

The man that first did answer make,
was noble Percy hee ;
who sayd, ‘ We list not to declare,
nor shew whose men we bee :

‘ yet will we spend our deerest blood,
thy chiefeſt harts to slay.’

Then Douglas swore a solemne oathe,
and thus in rage did say,

‘ Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
one of us two shall dye :

I know thee well, an Earl thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I.

‘ But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
and great offence to kill

any of these our harmlesse men,
for they have done no ill.

—♦—♦—♦—
' Let thou and I the battle trye,
and set our men aside.'

' Accurs'd bee hee,' Lord Percy sayd,
' by whom this is denied.'

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
who said, ' I would not have it told
to Henry our king for shame,

' that e'er my captaine fought on foote,
and I stood looking on.

' You bee two earls,' sayd Witherington,
and I a squire alone :

' I'll doe the best that doe I may,
while I have power to stand :
while I have power to weeld my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand.'

Our English archers bent their bowes,
their hearts were good and trew ;
at the first flight of arrows sent,
full threescore Scots they slew.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Earl Douglas had the bent ;
two captains mov'd with mickle pride,
their speares to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on everye side,
no slackness there was found ;
and many a gallant gentleman
lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
and likewise for to heare,
the cries of men lying in their gore,
and scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earles did meet,
like captaines of great might;
like lyons wood, they layd on load,
and made a cruel fight:
they fought until they both did sweat,
with swords of temper'd steele;
until the blood, like drops of rain,
they trickling downe did feele.
'Yeeld thee, Lord Percy,' Douglas say'd;
'in faith I will thee bring,
where thou shalt high advanced bee
by James our Scottish king:
'thy ransom I will freely give,
and thus report of thee,
thou art the most courageous knight
that ever I did see.'
'No, Douglas,' quoth Earl Percy then,
'thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scot
that ever yet was borne.'
With that, there came an arrow keene
out of an English bow,
which stricke Earl Douglas to the heart,
a deep and deadlie blow:
who never spoke more words than these,
'Fight on, my merry men all;
for why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees me fall.'
Then leaving life, Earl Percy tooke
the dead man by the hand;
and said, 'Earl Douglas, for thy life
would I had lost my land.'



‘ O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
with sorrow for thy sake ;
for sure, a more renowned knight
mischance did never take.’

A knight among the Scots there was,
which saw Earl Douglas dye,
who streight in wrath did vow revenge
upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call’d,
who, with a speare most bright,
well mounted on a gallant steed,
ran fiercely thro the fight ;

and past the English archers all,
without all dread or feare ;

and thro Earl Percys body then
he thrust his hatefull speare ;

with such vehement force and might
he did his body gore,
the speare went thro the other side
a large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
whose courage none could staine :
an English archer then perceiv’d
the noble Earl was slaine :

he had a bow bent in his hand,
made of a trusty tree ;
an arrow of a cloth-yard long
up to the head drew hee :

against Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
so right the shaft he sett,
the grey goose-wing that was thereon,
in his heart’s blood was wett.



This fight did last from breake of day,
till setting of the sun;
for when they rung the evening-bell,
the battel scarce was done.

With brave Earl Percy there were slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron:

and with Sir George and stout Sir James,
both knights of good account,
good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
as one in doleful dumpes;
for when his leggs were smitten off,
he fought upon his stumpes.

And with Earl Douglas there were slain
Sir Hugh Mountgomery;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
one foote would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
his sisters sone was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
yet saved could not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
did with Earl Douglas dye:
of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,
scarce twenty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
went home but fifty-three;
the rest were slain in Chevy-Chace:
under the green-woode tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
their husbands to bewayle;
they washt their wounds in brinish teares,
bot all wold not prevayle.

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,
they bare with them away;
they kist them dead a thousand times,
when they were cladd in clay.

This news was brought to Edenborrow,
where Scotlands king did rayne,
that brave Earl Douglas suddenlie
was with an arrow slaine:

‘O heavy newes!’ King James did say,
‘Scotland can witness bee,
I have not any captaine more
of such account as hee.’

Like tydings to King Henry came,
within as short a space,
that Percy of Northumberland
was slain in Chevy-Chace:

‘Now God be with him,’ said our king,
‘sith it will no better bee;

I trust I have within my realme
five hundred as good as hee;

‘Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
but I will vengeance take,
I’ll be revenged on them all,
for brave Earl Percys sake.’

This vow full well the king perform’d
after, on Humbledowne;
in one day, fifty knights were slayne,
with lords of great renowne:



and of the rest, of small account,
did many thousands dye:
thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bless the land
in plentye, joy, and peace;
and grant henceforth, that foule debate
'twixt noblemen may cease.



Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
and Willie's wondrous bonny,
and Willie hecht to marry me,
gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
this night I'll make it narrow;
for a the live lang winter night
I'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side?
pu'd you the rose or lily?
or came you by yon meadow green?
or saw you my sweet Willie?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
she sought him braid and narrow;
syne in the cleaving of a craig
she found him drown'd in Yarrow.



How happy is the rural clown,
who, far remov'd from noise of town ;
contemns the glory of a crown,
and in his safe retreat,
is pleased with his low degree,
is rich in decent poverty,
from strife, from care, and business free,
at once baith good and great !

Nae drums disturb his morning sleep,
he fears nae danger of the deep,
nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
vexation on his mind ;
no trumpets rouse him to the war,
no hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
from state intrigues he holds' afar,
and liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
he labours gently to adorn
his small paternal fields of corn,
and on their product feeds ;
each season of the wheeling year,
industrious he improves with care,
and still some ripen'd fruits appear,
so well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lyes,
but angles not with baits and flies ;
then next the sylvan scene he tries,
his spirits to regal ;
now from the rock or height he views
his fleecy flock, or teeming cows ;
then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
that waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmless easy joys,
 no care his peace of mind destroys,
 nor does he pass his time in toys
 beneath his just regard :
 he 's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
 to plant and sned his tender trees ;
 and for attending well his bees,
 enjoys their sweet reward.

The flowery meads and silent coves,
 the scenes of faithful rural loves,
 and warbling birds on blooming groves,
 afford a wish'd delight ;
 but O how pleasant is this life !
 blest with a chaste and virtuous wife,
 and children prattling, void of strife,
 around his fire at night !



Down the burn and through the mead,
 his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,
 and Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.
 Dear she lo'ed the well known song,
 while her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.

*Down the burn and through the mead,
 his golden locks wav'd o'er his brow ;
 Johnny, lilting, tun'd his reed,
 and Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.*

Costly claiths she had but few ;
 of rings and jewels nae great store,
 her face was fair, her love was true,
 and Johnny wisely wish'd nae mair ;

love's the pearl the shepherds prize,
o'er the mountain, near the fountain,
love delights the shepherd's eyes.

Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
and Johnny cou'd nae these impart;
youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart;
sweet the joys the lovers find,
great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
where the heart is always kind.

Down the burn, &c.



I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;
I winna ha'e the dominie, for geud he canna be;
but I will ha'e my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee:
For he's aye a kissing, kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me;
He's aye a kissing, kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I winna ha'e the minister, for a his godly looks,
nor yet will I the lawyer ha'e, for a his wily crooks;
I winna ha'e the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
but I will ha'e my Sandy lad, without a penny siller.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I winna ha'e the sodger lad, for he gangs to the war,
I winna ha'e the sailor lad, because he smells o' tar;
I winna ha'e the lord nor laird, for a' their meikle gear;
But I will ha'e my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir;
For he's aye a kissing, &c.





The lawland lads think they are fine;
but O they 're vain and idly gawdy!
how much unlike that gracefu' mein,
and manly looks of my highland laddie?

*O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
my handsome, charming highland laddie;
may heaven still guard, and love reward
our lawland lass and her highland laddie!*

If I were free at will to choose
to be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trows,
with bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in Borrow's-town,
in a' his airs, which art made ready,
compar'd to him he's but a clown;
he's finer far in 's highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
and leave my lawland kin and dady,
frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
he'll screen me wi' his highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and silken bed,
may please a lawland laird and lady;
but I can kiss, and be as glad
behind a bush in 's highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
and he ca's me his lawland lass,
syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
than that his love prove true and steady,
like mine to him which ne'er shall end,
while heaven preserves my highland laddie.

O my bonny, &c.



When first I kenn'd young Sandy's face,
he sung and look'd wi' sic a grace,
he stole my heart, but did na care;
the lad he lo'ed a lass more fair:
and oft I sung o'er brae and burn,
how sweet 's the love that meets return.

He lo'ed a lass wi' fickle mind,
was sometimes cauld and sometimes kind;
which made the love-sick laddie rue;
for she was cauld when he was true:
he mourn'd and sung, o'er brae and burn,
how sweet 's the love that meets return!

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
where lilacks with sweet cowslips join'd,
to make a garland for her hair;
but she refus'd a gift so fair.
'This scorn,' he cry'd, 'can ne'er be borne;
more sweet 's the love that meets return.'

Just then he met my tell-tale een,
and love so true is soonest seen:
'Dear lass!' said he, 'my heart is thine;
for thy soft wishes are like mine:
now Jenny, in her turn, may mourn,
how sweet 's the love that meets return!'

My answer was both frank and kind;
I lo'ed the lad, and tell'd my mind:

to kirk we went wi' hearty glee;
 and wha sae blest as he and me!
 now blithe we sing, o'er brae and burn,
 how sweet 's the love that meets return!

BALLENDEN'S BRAES,

BY POLLINGROVE ROBINSON, ESQ.

It was high o'er the murelands and down by the lin,
 whare the waters rin deep and the hillocks begin,
 that Bessy, the bonny, wi heart sad and sair,
 sat tir'd on a know, and sang loud her despair;
 fausse, fausse the great town is, and fausse are it's ways,
 like him who decoy'd me frae sweet Ballenden's braes.

When the laird o' the land first came down to our glen,
 he tell'd me he ne'er saw a fairlie till then.

He sleek'd down my hair, and he leugh in my e'en;
 he sich'd o'er my hand, and he ca'ed me his queen,
 but fausse was his heart, & mair fausse ware his praise,
 for he tuk me awa frae sweet Ballenden's braes.

He was young, like mysel, and he sware he wad be,
 a faither, and brither, and aw things to me;
 he sware, gin I lo'ed him, he 'd mak me sae fine,
 that wi goud and wi siller my tardan sho'd shine;
 but fausse ware his words, & mair fausse ware his ways,
 wha tuk me awa frae sweet Ballenden's braes.

I thoch'd it was sinful, but he luk'd so kind,
 I thoch'd it was sinful to tarry behind.

Sa high o'er the murelands, and far frae my hame,
 he led me, and made me believe it na shame;
 but fausse ware his doings, and fausse ware his ways,
 for he tuk me far off frae sweet Ballenden's braes.



But short was his kindness, his gude words, and care,
 when he saw the great town than he lo'ed nie na mair,
 he tuk to great ladies, they leugh me to scorn,
 and he wad na help me, but left me to mourn;
 till, sick wi his sin, and near kill'd by his ways,
 I am come back to dee on sweet Ballenden's braes.



AULD ROBIN GRAY,

BY LADY A. L.

When the sheep are in the fold, and the ky come hame,
 when a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
 the wæs o my heart fa' in showers frae my ee',
 unkent to my gudeman who sleeps so sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, & sought me for his bride;
 but saving o a crown, he had nae thing beside;
 to make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
 and the crown and the pound—O they were baith for
 me.

Before my loe was gone a twelve-month and a day,
 my faither brak his arm—and our cow was sto'n away,
 my mither she fell sick, my Jamie was at sea,
 and Auld Robin Gray, he came o'er a courting me.

My faither could na work, my mither could na spin;
 I toil'd baith day & night—their bread I could na win:
 Auld Rob maintain'd em baith, and wi tears in his ee,
 said, ' Jenny, for their sakes, oh will you marry me?'

My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;
 but the winds they blew hard, & his ship was a wrack.
 His ship it was a wrack! why did na Jenny dee?
 O wherefore was she spar'd to cry out, wae is me!

My father argu'd sair, my mither did na speak,
 but she look'd in my face till my heart was like to
 break.

They gied him my hand, while my heart was in the sea,
and so Auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I had na been his wife, but weeks only four,
when mournfully as I sat, on the stain at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I could na think it he,
till he said, 'Here I'm come home, loe, to marry thee.'

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
I gi'd him but ae kiss, and bade him gang away;
I wish that I were deed, but I 'm na like to dee;
my heart it will nae break, it's sae young,—wae is me!

I wander like a ghaist, I care na much to spin;
I dare na think of Jamie, for that wo'd be a sin:
but I will do my best, a gude wife aye to be;
for oh, Auld Robin Gray, he is sae kind to me!



BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
are still my heart's delight,
I sing their sangs by day
and read their tales by night.
If frae their books I be,
't is dulness then with me;
and when these stars appear,
jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift, with uncommon style,
and wit that flows with ease,
instructs us with a smile,
and never fails to please.
Bright Sandy gladly sings
of heroes, gods, and kings:

he well deserves the bays,
and every Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines,
Young, with Horacian flame,
corrects these false designs
we push in love of fame.

Blyth Gay in pawky strains,
makes villains, clowns, and swains
reprove, with biting leer,
those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
long may you give delight!

Let all the dunces bray,
you 're far above their spite:
such, from a malice sour,
write nonsense, lame and poor,
which never can succeed,
for who the trash will read?



Composed in August,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Now westlin winds, and slaughtering guns
bring autumn's pleasant weather;
the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
among the blooming heather:
now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
delights the weary farmer;
the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
to muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
the plover loves the mountains;



the woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
the soaring hern the fountains:
through lofty groves the cushat rôves,
the path of man to shun it;
the hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
the spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
the savage and the tender;
some social join, and leagues combine;
some solitary wander;
avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
tyrannic man's dominion;
the sportman's joy, the murdering cry,
the fluttering, gory pinion!

But, Peggy, dear, the evening's clear,
thick flies the skimming swallow;
the sky is blue, the fields in view,
all fading-green and yellow:
come let us stray our gladsome way,
and view the charms of nature;
the rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
and every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
till silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
sware how I love thee dearly:
not vernal showers to budding flowers,
not autumn to the farmer,
so dear can be as thou to me,
my fair, my lovely charmer!



'T was on a bonny April day,
whan birdies sweetly sing,

an' buds appear on ilka spray,
at the approach o' spring.
Then I first saw my lassie fair,
mair fresh than meadow spinks;
O' beauty nane has sic a shair
as Kate o' Bruntsfield-links.

Her shin is like the lily pure,
her een are black as slaes;
an' tho' her fouk are ay ca'd poor,
nane dis wear brawer claiths.
Her titty Nell, an' cousin Meg,
dress'd in their whites an' pinks,
cou'd never shaw ye sic a leg,
as Kate o' Bruntsfield-links.

Her cheeks are like the rose in May,
her waist is neat an' sma';
o' wooers nae lass e'er had mae:
for me she slights them a'.

Were I possess'd o' gear an' land,
I'm sae ta'en wi' her blinks,
to nae lass I wad gie my hand,
save Kate o' Bruntsfield-links.



Pain'd with her slighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear;
the gods descended from above,
well pleas'd to hear:
they heard the praises of the youth,
from her own tongue,
who now converted was to truth,
and thus she sung:
' Bless'd days! when our ingenuous sex,
more frank and kind,



did not their lov'd adorers vex,
but spoke their mind;
repenting now, she promis'd fair,
would he return,
she ne'er again would give him care,
or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
yet still thought shame,
when he my yielding heart did gain,
to own my flame?

Why took I pleasure to torment,
and seem too coy?
which makes me now, alas! lament
my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in it's spring,
own your desire;
while love's young power, with his soft wing,
fans up the fire.

Oh! do not with a silly pride,
or low design,
refuse to be a happy bride,
but answer plain.'

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
with flowing eyes:
glad Jamie heard her all the time,
with sweet surprise.

Some god had led him to the grove,
his mind unchang'd,
flew to her arms, and cry'd, ' My love!
I am reveng'd.'



BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

When hope was quite sunk in despair,
my heart it was going to break ;
my life appear'd worthless my care ;
but now I will save 't for thy sake.

Where'er my love travels by day,
wherever he lodges by night,
with me his dear image shall stay,
and my soul ever keep him in sight.

With patience I 'll wait the long year,
and study the gentlest charms ;
hope time away, till thou appear
to lock thee for ay in those arms.

Whilst thou was a shepherd, I priz'd
no higher degree in this life :
but now I 'll endeavour to rise
to a height that 's becoming thy wife.

For beauty that 's only skin deep,
must fade like the gowans in May :
but inwardly rooted, will keep
for ever without a decay.

Nor age, nor the changes of life,
can quench the fair fire of love,
if virtue 's ingrain'd in the wife,
and the husband have sense to approve.



NOTES.

GILDEROY.

is said to be a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the 16th century. Old story-books relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richlieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c.

FLODDEN FIELD.

The stanzas here given form a complete copy of this exquisite dirge. The inimitable beauty of the original induced a variety of versifiers to mingle stanzas of their own composure. But it is the painful, tho' most necessary duty of an editor, by the touchstone of truth, to discriminate such dross from the gold of antiquity.—*Pinkerton*.

LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

The subject of this pathetic ballad is a lady of quality of the name of Bothwell, or Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself. These four stanzas appear to be all that are genuine in this elegy. Many additional ones are to be found in the common copies, which are rejected as of meaner execution. They are injudiciously mingled in Ramsay's edition, and several stanzas of his own added; a liberty he used much too often in printing ancient Scottish poems.

RONDEL OF LUVE.

St. 2. *Ane puir tresour without messour.*] That is, a poor treasure of no measure, or account: not a pure treasure without measure, or bounds.

St. 3. *To rege with gude adwyis.*] Seems to mean, that his madness is mixed with reason.

BLACKFORD-HILL,

is one of the romantic environs of Edinburgh, that most romantic of all cities in situation.



GLOSSARY.

- A, all.
 Ae, ane; one.
 Ase, ashes.
 Aye; always, still.
 Baith, both.
 Balow, hush.
 Bansters, men who bind up sheaves.
 Bedight; adorned, set off.
 Benison, blessing.
 Bent, the open field.
 Biel, bield; shelter.
 Bogie, a kind of play.
 Bot, without.
 Bouchts, sheepfolds.
 Bra, bravely dressed.
 Braw, brave.
 Byre, or byar; a cow-stall.
 Carle; an old man, fellow.
 Cauld, cold.
 Chap, a blow.
 Cliding, wardrobe.
 Cricke; an ant, or small insect.
 Crumy, a cow's name.
 Cushat; the wood pigeon.
 Daffin, waggery.
 Dight, bedight; decked, made ready,
 also to clean.
 Dool; pain, grief.
 Dowie; dreadful, melancholy.
 Dule, grief.
 Fadge, a bundle of sticks.
 Fash; to care, to be anxious.
 Feek; a part, quantity.
 Fou, full.
 Ferly, fairlie; wonder.
 Fillok, filly.
 Flinters, splinters.
 Fleeching, flattering.
 Frae; fro, from.
 Ga, gae, gang; go.
 Gabbing, prattle.
 Gar, cause.
 Gi, gie; give.
 Glead, squinting.
 Gloming, glowming; dusk.
 Gowans, dasies.
 Greit, weep.
 Gude, good.
 Gyle, guile.
 Harst, harvest.
 Heather, heath.
 Hecht, promised.
 Hurklen, bowing together.
 Ilk, ilka; each.
 Jo, sweetheart.
 Ken, know.
 Know, hillock.
 Kyth; acquaintance, friends.
 Luigh, low.
 Lane, alone.
 Leir, learn.
 Leglin, a milking-pail.
 Lemman; lover, mistress.
 Lift, the firmament.
 Lig, lie scatteredly.
 Lilting, merry making with music.
 Lin; rock, or waterfall.
 Lintie, linnet.
 Loaning, a common green near a
 village.
 Loe, lue; love.
 Loch, a lake.
 Loun, rogue.
 Lyart, hoary.
 Lightlies, Lychtlies; undervalues.
 Mane, main; moan, lament.
 Marrow; mate, fellow, comrade.
 Maun, must.
 Mavis, thrush.
 Meikle, much.
 Minny, mother.
 Na, nae; no, nor, none.
 Nocht, nought.
 Nowdir, neither.
 Pawky, witty.
 Pawis, tricks.
 Pu, pull.
 Quha, who.
 Quhair, where.
 Rede; warn, advise.

Rin, run.	Tine, lose.
Runkled, wrinkled.	Triest, make an assignation.
Sarke, shirt.	Trews, hose and breeches in one piece.
Sabbing, sobbing,	Trow, to believe.
Scant, scarce.	Twin; part, separate.
Scho, she.	Tyne, to lose.
Scorning, jesting ironically.	Wae, sorrow.
Sheen, shining.	Wae worth ye, woe befall ye.
Sic, such.	Wad, wed; pledge, wager, pawn, also would.
Sicker; firm, secure.	Wed, weeded.
Siller, silver.	Wend, go.
Sinsyne, since that time.	Westlin, western.
Slaid, to move speedily.	Winna, will not.
Sned, to cut.	Winsum; agreeable, winning.
Speir, ask.	Wood, mad.
Sucred, sugared.	Wyte, blame.
Swankies, merry fellows.	Yat, gate.
Syne; afterwards, then.	Yestreen, yesternight.
Tane, taken.	Y-wis, truly.
Tardan, tartan; cross striped stuff checked, the highland plaid.	

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SONGS.
~~~~~  
OF VARIOUS CLASSES.



*Craig, del.*

*Branston, sc.*

Published by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow;  
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Champante & co.; &c. &c.

SONGS

OF VARIOUS CLASSES.



Printed by J. Johnson, in Pall-mall, near St. James's Church.  
1802.

**MORAL SONGS.**

161

**THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE.**

BY ——— COLLINS.

In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,  
 may my fate no less fortunate be  
 than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,  
 and a cot which o'erlooks the wide sea;  
 with an ambling pad poney, to pace o'er the lawn,  
 while I carol away idle sorrow; [dawn,  
 and, as blythe as the lark which each day hails the  
 look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade,  
 as the sunshine or rain may prevail;  
 with a small spot of ground for the use of the spade,  
 and a barn for the use of the flail;  
 with a cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
 and a pur-e when a friend wants to borrow,  
 I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,  
 or what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be com-  
 secur'd by a neighbouring hill; [pletely  
 and at night, may repose steal upon me most sweetly,  
 by the side of a murmuring rill:  
 and while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
 with a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
 I'll share with my friends what to-day may afford,  
 and let them spread the table to-morrow.  
 And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring,  
 now worn for threescore years and ten,



on the brink of the grave, I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,  
 nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :  
 but my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
 and with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;  
 as this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-bare to day,  
 may become everlasting to-morrow.

162

## ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

Ye fair! possess'd of ev'ry charm,  
 to captivate the will ;  
 whose smiles can rage itself disarm,  
 whose frowns at once can kill ;  
 say will ye deign the verse to hear,  
 where flattery bears no part ;  
 an honest verse, which flows sincere,  
 and candid from the heart ?  
 Great as your power, much greater yet,  
 mankind ye might engage,  
 if, as ye all can make a net,  
 ye all could make a cage ;  
 each nymph a thousand hearts might take,  
 for who 's to beauty blind ?  
 yet who 'd a tender pris'ner make,  
 unless she 'd strength to bind.  
 Attend the counsel often told,  
 too often told in vain,  
 learn that best art, the mind to hold,  
 and lock a lover's chain ;  
 gamesters to little purpose win,  
 who lose again as fast,  
 tho' beauty may the charm begin,  
 't is goodness makes it last.



163

MAY.

Ye sons of fortune mark the tale,  
and while she blows the kindly gale,

ah, seize the hours so gay;  
enjoy each blessing as it flies,  
be timely happy, timely wise,  
it is not always May.

Be grateful for the bliss you know,  
enraptured as the minutes go,

and then you 'll have to say,  
When heaven benign the sweets allow'd,  
I snatch'd, transported, every good,  
and "frolick'd while 't was May."

With glee the social hours improve,  
and cherish friendship, cherish love,  
for friends will die away;

and when the heart's companions go,  
ah! then the wintry winds will blow,  
and be no longer May.

Look round you, then, while fortune's kind,  
oh! be not to her blessings blind,

or throw her gifts away;  
and while in flowery scenes you sing  
be blest! for know, one day will bring  
December 'stead of May.

These truths believe, ye happy train,  
nor heedless be, nor them disdain,

for *he* who forms the lay,  
each sweet has cherish'd in it's birth,  
has known a perfect heaven on earth,  
and, ah! *has had* his May.

## HAPPINESS.

AY ANN CANDLER, A SUFFOLK COTTAGER.

Delusive phantom, light as air,  
 whose shadow we pursue,  
 each rising morn with anxious care,  
 we still the chace renew;  
 elate with hope we persevere,  
 still flatter'd with success;  
 yet unforeseen events defer  
 our visionary bliss.

Our fruitless toil augments our pain,  
 our hopes flit swiftly by:  
 we sigh, despairing to obtain  
 the transitory joy.

Can gold untainted pleasure give?  
 can we depend on power?  
 can fame the sick'ning heart relieve,  
 or bring one happy hour?

Will titles, birth, or pompous shows,  
 youth, beauty, wit combin'd,  
 will these, I ask, avert the woes  
 entail'd on human kind?

Yet still our wish we may effect,  
 substantial blessings know:  
 what from the shadow we expect,  
 the substance will bestow.

With Wisdom dwells our dearest bliss,  
 abounding with increase;  
 "her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
 and all her paths are peace."

Lay hold on her, and you'll possess  
 the treasure you have sought;  
 her price beyond the ruby is,  
 or gold from Ophir brought.

165

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

BY ELIZABETH BENTLEY.

Say, lordly man, of pow'r's possest,  
 that no inferior creatures know;  
 say, can the mind, with reason blest,  
 relentless fury shew?

To thy domain tho' beasts belong,  
 yet why so merciless thy sway?  
 why to the harmless useful throng  
 such cruelty display?

Just accusations all may bring,  
 against imperious man complain;  
 whatever spreads in air it's wing,  
 or grazes on the plain.

The bird laments it's plunder'd nest,  
 her mate shot breathless, at her side;  
 a pair, she cries, thus fondly blest,  
 shall sportive hands divide?

The lab'ring ox that ploughs the soil,  
 must feel th' unpitying drover's rage;  
 a life of never-ceasing toil  
 might kinder fate engage.

The patient ass, or nobler horse,  
 who ne'er to man their aid refuse;  
 does tyrant man, without remorse,  
 unfeelingly abuse?

Nor these alone their claims assert;  
 each guiltless creature we oppress  
 appeals to ev'ry feeling heart  
 for pity and redress.  
 Is't not enough, vain mortal, say,  
 their lives to feed thee myriads give?  
 but must thou, with unlenient sway,  
 distress them while they live?

Then o'er the young unbiass'd race,  
 celestial Mercy's reign extend;  
 lest what in heedless sport takes place,  
 in serious crimes should end.  
 Let all thy kind compassion share,  
 through Nature's universal frame;  
 whatever breathes thy kindred air,  
 or feels the vital flame.



166

## THE WOODMAN.

Written and set by C. Dibdin.

Far remov'd from noise and smoke,  
 hark! I hear the woodman's stroke,  
 who dreams not as he fells the oak,  
 what mischief dire he brews;  
 how art may shape his falling trees,  
 in aid of luxury and ease.  
 He weighs not matters such as these,  
 but sings, and hacks, and hews.  
 Perhaps, now fell'd by this bold man,  
 that tree may form the spruce sedan,  
 or wheelbarrow, where oyster Nan  
 oft runs her vulgar rig;

the stage, where boxers crowd in flocks;  
 or else a quack's; perhaps, the stocks;  
 or posts for signs; or barber's blocks,  
 where smiles the parson's wig.

Thou mak'st, bold peasant, oh what grief!  
 the gibbet on which hangs the thief;  
 the seat where sits the grave Lord Chief,  
 the throne, the cobbler's stall.

Thou pamper'st life in ev'ry stage,  
 mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage;  
 for children, toys; crutches, for age;  
 and coffins for us all.

### THE CLOSE OF DAY.

When past the painful toil of day,  
 and the soft twilight fades away;  
 how sweet the wearied eye to close,  
 and gently sink in soft repose!

When storms, and seas, and dangers past,  
 we gain the wish'd-for port at last;  
 how sweet to tread our native shore,  
 and each accustom'd haunt explore.

When pauses the discordant strife,  
 that breaks the harmony of life;  
 and War's shrill clarion doth cease,  
 how sweet the glad return of peace.

So when the toil of life is o'er,  
 and strife and war alarm no more;

how sweet the Christian's life to close!  
 how sweet in death to find repose!

168

## MODESTY.

Forgive, ye fair, nor take it wrong,  
 if aught too much I do;  
 permit me, while I sing my song,  
 to give a lesson too.  
 Let Modesty, that heav'n-born maid,  
 your words and actions grace:  
 't is this, and only this, can add  
 new lustre to your face.

'T is this, which paints the virgin's cheeks,  
 beyond the pow'r of art;  
 and ev'ry real blush bespeaks  
 the goodness of the heart.  
 This index of the virtuous mind,  
 your lovers will adore;  
 this, this will leave a charm behind,  
 when bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle men  
 with nice reserve behave,  
 and learn by distance to maintain  
 the power your beauty gave;  
 for this, when beauty must decay,  
 your empire will protect;  
 the Wanton pleases for a day,  
 but ne'er creates respect.



~~~~~  
 With this their silly jests reprove,
 when coxcombs dare intrude;
 nor think the man is worth your love,
 who ventures to be rude.
 Your charms, when cheap, will ever fall,
 they sully with a touch,
 tho' meaning not to grant them all,
 you often grant too much.

But, patient, let each virtuous fair,
 expect the generous youth,
 whom Heav'n has doom'd her heart to share,
 and blest with love and truth.

For him alone reserve her hand,
 and wait the happy day,
 when he, with justice, may command,
 and she, with joy, obey.

PEACE.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

RECITATIVE.

Tell me on what holy ground
 may domestic peace be found?
 Halcyon daughter of the skies!
 far on fearful wing she flies
 from the tyrant's sceptre'd state,
 from the rebel's noisy hate.

AIR.

In a cottag'd vale she dwells,
 list'ning to the Sabbath bells,

while all around her steps are seen
spotless Honour's meeker mien.
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
sorrow smiling through her tears;
and, mindful of the past, employ
memory, bosom spring of joy.

170

AN HONEST HEART.

From the Opera of "Love in a Village."

The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
from fraud, disguise, and guile,
need not the frowns of Fortune fear,
nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave
is but an empty thing;
for harmless mirth each man may have;
the cheerful man's a king.

~~~~~  
THE END

171

## THE WORLD.

From "Love in a Village."

The world is a well-furnish'd table,  
where guests are promiscuously set;  
we all fare as well as we're able,  
and scramble for what we can get.

My simile holds to a tittle,  
some gorge, while some scarce have a taste ;  
but if I 'm content with a little,  
enough is as good as a feast.



172

## THE GOLDEN MEAN.

From "Horace, Book ii. Ode 10."

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

He who holds fast the Golden Mean,  
and lives contentedly between  
the little and the great,  
feels not the wants that pinch the poor,  
nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,  
imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r  
of wintry blasts ; the loftiest tow'r  
comes heaviest to the ground ;  
the bolts that spare the mountain's side,  
his cloud-capt eminence divide,  
and spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher  
rejoices with a wholesome fear,  
and hopes, in spite of pain ;  
if Winter bellow from the North,  
soon the sweet Spring comes dancing forth,  
and Nature laughs again.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,  
thy magnanimity display,  
and let thy strength be seen ;  
but oh ! if fortune fill thy sail

with more than a propitious gale,  
take half thy canvass in.

173

## HUMAN LIFE.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

How quickly fades the vital flow'r!  
alas, my friend! each silent hour  
steals unperceiv'd away;  
the early joys of blooming youth,  
sweet Innocence, and dove-eyed Truth,  
are destin'd to decay.

In vain, my friend, when wrapt in ease,  
we shun the merchant-marring seas;  
in vain we fly from wars;  
in vain we shun th' autumnal blast  
(the dreary desert must be past)  
how heedless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,  
the very mistress of our love,  
ah, me! we soon must leave!  
of all our trees, the hated boughs  
of cypress shall alone diffuse  
their fragrance o'er our grave.

To others shall we then resign  
the num'rous casks of sparkling wine,  
which frugal now we store,  
with them a more deserving heir  
(is this our labour, this our care?)  
shall stain the stucco floor.

174

## SONG FOR BANELAGH.

BY W. WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,  
who trip in this frolicksome round,  
pray tell me from whence this impertinence springs,  
the sexes at once to confound?  
what means the cock'd hat and the masculine air,  
with each motion design'd to perplex?  
bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,  
and softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,  
may call every art to her aid;  
the bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,  
are samples she gives of her trade.  
But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,  
and whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,  
should sily attack us with coyness and wiles,  
not with open and insolent war.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,  
shrinks modestly back from the view,  
and kindly should seem by the artist design'd  
to serve as a model for you.  
Then learn, with her beauty, to copy her air,  
nor venture too much to reveal:  
our fancies will paint what you cover with care,  
and double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,  
are charms which no art can procure;  
O be but yourselves, then our homage we'll pay,  
and your empire is solid and sure:

but if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,  
 and put us in fear of our lives,  
 you may do very well for sisters and aunts;  
 but, believe me, you 'll never be wives.

## HOPE.

BY G. KEATE, ESQ.

All the splendor which wealth can display  
 is so vain, that it quickly must cloy;  
 like a bubble, it soon melts away,  
 if HOPE does not heighten the joy.

Sweet passion! without thee, the soul  
 in the midst of fruition would tire;  
 into times yet unborn thou canst roll,  
 and expand on the wings of desire.

It was Hope that first planted my vine,  
 and it's clusters luxuriously spread;  
 rear'd my fig-tree, whose branches entwine  
 and so gratefully shadow my head.

HOPE comforts the mourner's sad state,  
 soothes the wretch who is struggling with pain,  
 bids the captive support his hard fate,  
 and to home turn his eyes back again.

Bright charmer! ah! live in my breast,  
 round my temples thy garland still bind;  
 thou shalt calm all my sorrows to rest,  
 and cheer with thy sunshine my mind.



176

## MORNING.

Set by Mr. Hook.

Awake, my fair, the morning springs,  
the dew-drops glance around ;  
the heifer lows, the blackbird sings,  
the echoing vales resound.

The simple sweets would Mary taste,  
that breathing morning yields ;  
the fragrance of the flow'ry waste,  
the freshness of the fields ?

By uplands and the greenwood side,  
we'll take our early way,  
and view the valley spreading wide,  
and op'ning with the day.

Nor uninstrusive shall the scene  
unfold it's charms in vain ;  
the fallow brown, the meadow green,  
the mountain and the plain.

Each dew-drop glistening on the thorn,  
and trembling to it's fall ;  
each blush that paints the cheek of morn,  
in fancy's ear shall call,

“ O ye! in youth and beauty's pride,  
who lightly dance along ;  
while laughter frolics at your side,  
and rapture tunes your song :

what tho' each grace around you play,  
each beauty blooms for you,  
warm as the blush of rising day,  
and sparkling as the dew.

The blush that glows so gaily now,  
but glows to disappear,

and quivering from the bending bough,  
soon breaks the pearly tear.

So pass the beauties of your prime,  
that e'en in blooming die,  
so shrinking at the blast of time,  
the treach'rous graces fly.

Let those, my Mary, slight the strain,  
who fear to find it true ;  
each fair of transient beauty vain,  
and youth as transient too.

With charms that win beyond the sight,  
and hold the willing heart,  
my Mary shall await their flight,  
nor sigh when they depart.  
Still graces shall remain behind,  
and beauties shall controul,  
the graces of the polish'd mind,  
and beauties of the soul.



## 177

Hope, thou nurse of young desire,  
fairy promiser of joy,  
painted vapour, glow-worm fire,  
temperate sweet which ne'er can cloy !

Hope, thou earnest of delight,  
softest soother of the mind,  
balmy cordial, prospect bright,  
surest friend the wretched find !

Kind deceiver ! flatter still,  
deal out pleasures unpossess'd,  
with thy dreams my fancy fill  
and in wishes make me blest.



*RURAL.*

178

AN INVITATION.

BY JOHN BIDLALÉ, B. A.

Laura! can'st thou forsake the town?  
and dwell with love and me?  
tho' I no greater treasure own,  
than sweet simplicity?

I have no jewels for thy neck,  
thy beauties to adorn:  
yet nature's jewels glittering deck  
my dew-fed fields each morn.

No costly odours can I boast;  
yet pure my rural air:  
my flowers may challenge India's coast;  
as sweet, if not so rare.

Cosmetics wilt thou e'er despise;  
nor foreign art assume;  
yet health may aid those piercing eyes,  
and heighten e'en thy bloom.

No concerts can I give, where move  
vain nymphs, or sillier beaux;  
yet music rings in every grove  
which innocence bestows.

Then come, for art some stain may mix  
in mind and beauty too;  
but chaste simplicity will fix  
both love and charms more true.

179

## THE HAPPY FARMER.

BY EDWARD WILLIAMS.

Tune. The Anacreontic.

I live on my farm in a beautiful vale,  
 ye lovers of Nature, attend to my tale;  
 no pride or ambition find room in my breast,  
 those venomous foes of contentment and rest;  
 from sound healthy sleep I rise up ev'ry morn,  
 to toil in my fields with my cattle and corn;  
 and prefer, while of rural employments I sing,  
 the life of a Farmer to that of a King.

On the fruits of my labour I look with delight,  
 my meadows are weedless, and gladden the sight;  
 the flocks in my pastures are fair to behold,  
 fine cows with large udders replenish my fold;  
 my fields yield abundance, in tillage complete,  
 good barley, rich clover, and excellent wheat;  
 I the seasons attend, thro' their changeable round,  
 in toils that with Plenty's rich blessings are crown'd.

My house is convenient, and whiten'd all o'er,  
 an arbour of jasmine is fronting the door;  
 my flourishing orchard abundantly bears  
 fine plumbs, golden-pippins, and bergamot-pears;  
 the rose, the sweet pink, in my garden are found,  
 where dainties of health for my table abound,  
 my mind, when fatigu'd, here I often unbend,  
 peruse a good book, or converse with a friend.

Where flocks and large herds in my pastures are seen,  
 the cowslip, or daisy, bespangle the green;

Review my gay lambs nimbly frolic and play,  
 while under their feet spring the beauties of May ;  
 while joyful observing the flourishing corn,  
 the blackbird and linnet sing loud on the thorn :  
 nor would I my peaceful employments lay down,  
 or quit my green fields for the cares of a crown.

To Providence grateful, I pity the poor,  
 nor drive them in sadness away from my door,  
 befriending my neighbours, I do all I can  
 to act the good part of a sensible man: [plause,  
 but should my griev'd conscience withhold it's ap-  
 and blame me for trampling on Charity's laws;  
 then I mourn, and am pensive, upbraiding myself  
 but not like the miser that whines for his pelf.

Let lords of their high-sounding titles be vain,  
 let slaves of mean av'rice in cities remain,  
 let those that court fame ramble wantonly far,  
 and seek it in fields of detestable war ;  
 let others go combat the rage of the seas,  
 and barter, for lucre, contentment, and ease ;  
 while I live in innocence, shelter'd from harm,  
 with plenty and peace on my flourishing farm.

180

FROM " CUNNINGHAM'S MORNING."

Set as a Glee by Webbe.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,  
 shadows nurs'd by night retire ;  
 and the peeping sun-beams now  
 paint with gold the village spire.  
 Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,  
 on the white emblossom'd spray ;  
 nature's universal song  
 echoes to the rising day.



181

## HARVEST.

From the musical Comedy of "The Summer's Tale."

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

Come, my lasses, let's be gay,  
 on this our early holiday;  
 we've reap'd, we've mown, we've hous'd our store,  
 and what can master wish for more?

CHORUS.

Then freely pass the can about,  
 there's day enough to see it out.

See the sun is high at noon,  
 and warns us not to part so soon;  
 time enough to think of care,  
 when dreaming winter shall appear.

Chorus. Then freely, &amp;c.

Let every swain propose his toast,  
 a health to her he loves the most;  
 then should she but kiss the cup,  
 what clown can chuse but drink it up?

Chorus. Then freely, &amp;c.

When Peace and Plenty crown our isle,  
 't were hard if Britons did not smile;  
 nature's fair example see;  
 she laughs and sings, and so should we.

Chorus. Then freely, &amp;c.

182

## THE SPORTSMEN.

Ye sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,  
 who delight in the joys of the field,



mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,  
and no one the contest will yield.

His Lordship, his Worship, his Honour, his Grace,  
a hunting continually go,  
all ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,  
with hark forward, huzza, tally ho!

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn  
to hunt for a mortgage or deed;  
the courtier gets up at the first of the dawn,  
and rides to the levee full speed;  
the patriot is thrown in pursuit of the game;  
the poet too often lies low,  
who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,  
with hark forward, huzza, tally ho!

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,  
tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,  
how oft do they Decency's bounds overleap,  
and the fences of Virtue break down?

Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,  
for amusement, for passion, for show,  
all ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,  
with hark forward, huzza, tally ho!



183

Set by Dr. Boyce.

Together let us range the fields,  
impearled with the morning dew;  
or view the fruits the vineyard yields;  
or the apple's clustering bough:  
there in close embowered shades,  
impervious to the noontide ray,  
by tinkling rills, on rosy beds,  
we'll love the sultry hours away.



184

FROM MILTON.

Let me wander, not unseen,  
 by hedge-row elms, on hillocks green.  
 There the ploughman, near at hand,  
 whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 and the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 and the mower whets his scythe,  
 and ev'ry shepherd tells his tale,  
 under the hawthorn in the dale.

There the violet decks the ground,  
 diffusing native sweets around ;  
 there the lambs and lambskins play,  
 harmless, sporting time away ;  
 there the blackbird and the thrush  
 sing pleasant notes on every bush,  
 and every shepherd tells his tale  
 under the hawthorn in the dale.

There the lark salutes the dawn,  
 the nimble deer skips o'er the lawn ;  
 there the jovial huntsman's cries,  
 bids the neighbouring swains arise.  
 Echo, she repeats her song,  
 while the waters glide along ;  
 and every shepherd tells his tale,  
 under the hawthorn in the dale.

185

RETIREMENT.

My friends all declare that my time is mispent,  
 while in rural retirement I rove ;

I ask no more wealth than dame Fortune has sent,  
but the sweet little girl whom I love.

The rose on her cheek 's my delight,  
she 's soft as the down on the dove,  
no lily was ever so white,  
as the sweet little girl whom I love.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,  
for my fair-one delights in my grove,  
and a palace I 'd quit for a dance on the green  
with the sweet little girl whom I love.

The rose on her cheek, &c.

No ambition I know, but to call her my own;  
no fame, but her fondness to prove;  
my happiness centres in Nancy alone,  
she 's the sweet little girl whom I love.

The rose on her cheek, &c.

## 186

## THE HARVEST MORNING.

From the Opera of Rosina.

BY MRS. BROOKE.

When the rosy morn appearing,  
paints with gold the verdant lawn,  
bees on banks of thyme disporting,  
sip the sweets and hail the morn.

Warbling birds the day proclaiming,  
carol sweet the lively strain,  
they forsake their leafy dwelling,  
to secure the golden grain.

See content the humble gleaner,  
take the scatter'd ears that fall;  
nature, all her children viewing,  
kindly bounteous cares for all.

187

MAY.

From the Opera of Marian.

BY MRS. BROOKE.

Now the wint'ry storms are o'er,  
 spring unlocks her verdant store;  
 smiling pleasure crowns the day,  
 sweetly breathes the blushing May.

O'er the daisy-painted mead,  
 now the wanton lambkins spread,  
 ever playful, ever gay,  
 glad to welcome in the May.

Now responsive through the grove,  
 softly tun'd to Spring and Love,  
 echo with his sportive lay,  
 joins our carols to the May.

188

OF LABOUR.

Why should I now, my love, complain,  
 that toils await the cheerful swain?  
 since labour oft a sweet bestows,  
 which lazy splendour never knows.

Hence springs the purple tide of health,  
 the rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,  
 and spreads those blushes o'er thy face,  
 which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress the pomp of shew,  
 are trappings oft that cover woe;  
 but we whose wishes never roam,  
 shall taste of real joys at home.

189

## THE COTTAGE OF THATCH.

FROM "SMART'S ODE TO SPRING."

Set by Carnaby.

With a heart light and gay, in a cottage of thatch,  
 let me live, with Content for my guest,  
 where the canker of Care never rusted the latch,  
 and where Grief shall not trouble my breast.

There, joy 'll be repeated, yet never shall cloy,  
 while the object is peace to the mind,  
 and the rapid succession of uniform joy,  
 shall leave no discomfort behind.

There the hours shall all fly like the blossoms of  
 with the promise fresh beauties to prove, [Spring,  
 ev'ry season revolving, it's pleasures shall bring,  
 and the harvest of joy shall be love.

190

## PEACE IS IN THE VALE.

In gaudy courts, with aching hearts,  
 the great at fortune rail;  
 the hills may higher honours claim,  
 but peace is in the vale.

See highborn dames, in rooms of state,  
 with midnight revels pale;  
 no youth admires their fading charms,  
 for beauty's in the Vale.





## 191

## THE PEDESTRIANS.

From "The Lakers."

## FIRST PEDES.

In viewing nature's varied scenes,  
a tranquil pleasure they impart,  
for Reason scarce has better means  
to soften and improve the heart.

## SECOND PEDES.

From exercise what spirits flow !  
sweet is the meal that hunger finds,  
and sweet the slumbers that we know,  
the calm repose of vacant minds.

## BOTH.

Then let us range the vallies still,  
and o'er the mountain's summit wind,  
trace with delight the gurgling rill,  
and still preserve the tranquil mind.



## 192

## THE WAY-WORN TRAVELLER.

*Agnes.* Faint and wearily the wayworn traveller  
plods uncheerily, afraid to stop ;

*Sadi.* Wand'ring drearily, a sad unraveller  
of the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top.

*Ag.* Doubting, fearing,  
as his course he's steering,

*Sa.* Cottages appearing,  
as he's nigh to drop ;

oh, how briskly then the wayworn traveller  
threads the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top !

*Ag. & Sa.* Oh, how briskly then the wayworn traveller



threads the mazes tow'rd the mountain's top !

*Ag.* Tho' so melancholy day has pass'd by,  
't would be folly now to think on 't more.

*Sa.* Blythe and jolly he the cann holds fast by,  
as he's sitting at the goatherd's door,

*Ag.* Eating, quaffing,  
at past labours laughing;

*Sa.* Better far, by half, in  
spirits than before.

*Ag.* Oh, how merry then the rested traveller  
seems, while sitting at the goatherd's door !

193

### THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.

From the Opera of " The Quaker."

BY MR. DIBDIN.

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah !  
sound their tabors, I 'll hand thee along,  
and I say unto thee, that verily, ah !  
thou and I will be first in the throng.

While the lads, &c.

Just then, when the youth who last year won the  
and his mate shall the sports have begun, [dower,  
when the gay voice of gladness resounds from each  
and thou long'st in thy heart to make one : [bow'r,

While the lads, &c.

Those joys that are harmless, what mortal can blame?  
't is my maxim, that youth should be free ;  
and to prove that my words and my deeds are the  
believe me, thou 'lt presently see. [same,

While the lads, &c.

Set by Mr. Hook.

When rural lads and lasses gay,  
 proclaim the birth of rosy May,  
 when round the may-pole on the green,  
 the rustic dancers all were seen.

'T was there young Jockey met my view,  
 his ike before I never knew,  
 he pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay,  
 alas! he danc'd my heart away.

At eve when cakes and ale went round,  
 he plac'd him next me on the ground,  
 with harmless mirth and pleasing jest,  
 he shone more bright than all the rest,  
 he talk'd of love and press'd my hand;  
 ah who could such a youth withstand!  
 well pleas'd I heard what he 'd to say,  
 alas! he talk'd my heart away.

He pip'd so sweet, &c.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,  
 while rapture sparkled in his eye,  
 so winning was his face and air,  
 it might the coldest heart ensnare;  
 and when he ask'd me for his bride,  
 I promis'd soon and soon comply'd:  
 what nymph on earth could say him nay?  
 his charms would steal all hearts away.

He pip'd so sweet, &c.

195

## COTTAGE ON THE MOOR,

BY — CROSS.

Set by J. Sanderson.

My mam is no more, and my dad 's in the grave,  
little orphans are sisters and I, sadly poor;  
industry our wealth, and no dwelling we have,  
but yon neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

The lark's early song does to labour invite,  
contented, we just keep the wolf from the door;  
and Phœbus retiring, step home with delight,  
to our neat little cottage that stands on the moor.

Our meals are but homely, mirth sweetens the cheer,  
affection's our inmate, the guests we adore;  
and heart's-ease and health make a palace appear  
of our neat little cottage which stands on the moor.



196

How sweet in the woodlands, with fleet hounds and  
to waken shrillecho, and taste the fresh morn; [horn,  
but hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,  
for Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view;  
she's lost, fair Daphne is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,  
more wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain;  
in pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies,  
tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 't is Myrtillo who dies,  
tho' Daphne's pursu'd 't is Myrtillo who dies.





197

## MAY MORNING.

BY MILTON.

Set as a Glee by Carnaby.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
the flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
the yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May ! that dost inspire  
mirth and youth and warm desire ;  
woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
hill and dale both boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
and welcome thee, and wish thee long.



198

Set by Jackson.

Deluding joys of gaudy art  
attract the vain fantastic heart,  
be mine the pleasure nature yields  
from sparkling rills and balmy fields.

Mine be the violet's fragrant bed,  
the high oak waving o'er my head,  
the untaught music of the grove,  
and all that wakes the mind to love.



~~~~~  
AMATORY.
 —

199

HENRY.

An Answer to "NANCY."

[See No. 32.]

Oh Henry, didst thou know the heart
 that heaves for thee the constant sigh,
 thou wouldst not ask if aught could part
 so tender, yet so firm a tie.

With thee the cot would prove a court,
 the russet gown a garment rare,
 and pleas'd I'd quit the gay resort
 that hail'd me fairest of the fair.

Oh Henry! lead the toilsome way,
 and love will bear me through the wild,
 I still could face the parching ray,
 nor heed the blast if Henry smil'd.
 But haply should the chilling storm,
 or blaze of noon this face impair,
 I'd weep, should'st thou regret the form
 that once was fairest of the fair.

Can perils keen my purpose move,
 or fright me from my Henry's breast,
 't is fear itself gives force to love,
 and robs the absent maid of rest.
 Should Henry suffer while his bride
 nor eas'd his pain, nor sooth'd his care,
 I'd hate those scenes of courtly pride
 that held me fairest of the fair.

But should not all my trembling toil
 thy precious life await to save,

I could not o'er thy sorrows smile,
 I could not strew with flowers thy grave.
 I'd lay me by thy clay-cold side,
 where grief would soon my heart-strings tear,
 yet happier that with thee I died,
 than bloom'd the fairest of the fair.

200

A Duet, from the Pantomime of "Oscar and Malvina,"
 Tune, Kauld Kale in Aberdeen.

O! ever in my bosom live,
 thou source of endless pleasure!
 since nothing else on earth can give
 so dear, so rich a treasure.
 True love, perhaps, may bring alarms,
 but if the child of reason,
 it adds to Summer greater charms,
 and cheers the Wint'ry season.
 The lustre of the great and gay,
 is transitory fashion;
 while pure and lasting is the ray
 of unaffected passion:
 when Danger threatens the peasant's cot,
 and cruel Cares assail it;
 Affection's smiles shall soothe his lot,
 or bid him not bewail it.
 Then let us each, on each rely,
 a mutual transport borrow;
 the slavish forms of life defy,
 and artificial sorrow.
 Content, we'll sport, and laugh, and sing,
 grow livelier and jocosier;
 while Time, that flits on envious wing,
 will bind our hearts the closer.

201

BY BARTON BOOTH, ESQ.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
more fragrant than the damask rose;
soft as the down of turtle dove,
gentle as air, when zephyr blows;
refreshing as descending rains
to sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
or as the dial to the sun;
constant as gliding waters roll,
whose swelling tides obey the moon;
from every other charmer free,
my life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
the dam the tender kid pursues;
sweet Philomel in shady bow'rs
of verdant spring, her note renews;
all follow what they most admire,
as I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
and vary as the seasons rise,
as winter to the spring gives place,
summer th' approach of autumn flies;
no change on Love the seasons bring;
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
makes lofty oaks and cedars bow,
ev'n marble tow'rs, and gates of brass,
in his rude march he levels low;
but Time, destroying far and wide,
love from the soul can ne'er divide.

~~~~~  
 Death only, with his cruel dart,  
 the gentle godhead can remove,  
 and drive him from the bleeding heart;  
 to mingle with the blest above,  
 where, known to all his kindred train,  
 he finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister, fair, the soul,  
 twin-born from heaven together came;  
 Love will the universe controul,  
 when dying seasons lose their name:  
 divine abodes shall own his power,  
 when Time and Death shall be no more.



## 202

O listen, listen to the voice of love,  
 he calls my Daphne to the grove;  
 the primrose sweet bedecks the field,  
 the tuneful birds invite to rove;  
 to softer joys let splendour yield,  
 O listen, listen to the voice of love.

Where flowers their blooming sweets exhale,  
 my Daphne, fondly let us stray,  
 where whispering love breathes forth his tale,  
 and sheperds sing their artless lay:  
 O-listen, listen to the voice of love,  
 he calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come share with me the sweets of spring,  
 and leave the town's tumultuous noise;  
 the happy swains all cheerful sing,  
 and echo still repeats their joys.  
 Then listen, listen to the voice of love,  
 he calls my Daphne to the grove.



## TO A LADY, 28A I ENT

whom the author knew from infancy.

In times so long past (tho' I still am but young)  
that I scarcely their transports can trace,  
enraptur'd I caught the soft lisp of thy tongue,  
and totter'd (for then I but totter'd) along  
to clasp thee in *childish* embrace.

As we grew up together, each day I beheld,  
with feelings unkindled before,  
thy yesterday's beauties by new one's excell'd;  
nor, *boy* as I was from those beauties withheld  
was my heart: could I offer thee more?

Even now, when the fever of youth is gone by,  
and I glow with more temperate fire,  
delighted I dwell on thy soul-beaming eye;  
and, heaving perhaps still too ardent a sigh,  
survey thee with chasten'd desire.

Oh! come, then, and give me, dear maiden, thy  
for life is, alas! on the wing: [charms;  
our summer, ere long, will be fled; in these arms  
let me shield thee, my fair one, from winter's alarms:  
oh listen to love while 't is spring.

Gentle youth! O, tell me why  
tears are starting from my eye;  
when each day from you I part  
whence the sigh which rends my heart?  
Gentle youth! O, tell me true!  
is it then the same with you?

## THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,  
 (more bright than May-day morn ;  
 whose charms all other maids surpass,  
 a rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat with smiles so sweet,  
 has won my right good will ;  
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
 sweet lass of Richmond-hill !

Ye zephyrs gay, who fan the air,  
 and wanton through the grove,  
 O whisper to my charming fair,  
 I die for her of love.

This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,  
 who calls this nymph his own ;  
 O may her choice be fix'd on me,  
 mine's fix'd on her alone.

This lass so neat, &c.

## WILLIAM AT EVE.

When William at eve meets me down at the stile,  
 how sweet is the nightingale's song ;  
 of the day I forget all the labour and toil,  
 while the moon plays yon branches among.

By her beams without blushing I hear him complain,  
 and believe every word of his song ;  
 you know not how sweet 't is to meet the dear swain,  
 while the moon plays yon branches among.

207

Set by Jackson.

The merchant to secure his treasure,  
 conveys it in a borrow'd name;  
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,  
 but Chloë is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,  
 upon Euphelia's toilette lay,  
 when Chloë noted her desire  
 that I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
 but with my numbers mix my sighs,  
 and while I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul on Chloë's eyes.

Fair Chloë blush'd, Euphelia frown'd,  
 I sung, I gaz'd, I play'd, I trembled,  
 and Venus to the loves around  
 remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

208

From "Love in a Village."

BY BICKERSTAFF.

How blest the maid, whose bosom  
 no headstrong passion knows,  
 her days in joy she passes,  
 her nights in calm repose.  
 Where'er her fancy leads her,  
 no pain, no fear invades her;  
 but pleasure  
 without measure  
 from ev'ry object flows.



209

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Set by Dr. Stevenson.

Mary, I believ'd thee true  
and I was bless'd in thus believing,  
but now I mourn that e'er I knew  
a girl so fair and so deceiving.

Few have ever lov'd like me,  
oh I have lov'd thee too sincerely ;  
and few have e'er deceiv'd like thee,  
alas! deceiv'd me too severely.

Fare thee well!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile  
on one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee ;  
who now would rather trust that smile,  
and die with thee, than live without thee!

Fare thee well! I'll think of thee,  
thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;  
for see distracting woman! see,  
my peace is gone, my heart is broken.

Fare thee well.

210

Set by Jackson.

Rest, beauteous flower and bloom anew,  
to court my passing love ;  
glow in his eye with brighter hue  
and all thy form improve.

And while thy balmy odours steal  
to meet his equal breath,  
let thy soft blush for mine reveal  
th' imprinted kiss beneath.



211

## TO SYLVIA.

If truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,  
 let Damon urge his claim,  
 he feels the passion void of art,  
 the pure, the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,  
 their sensual love contemn;  
 they only prize the beauteous shell,  
 but slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,  
 destroys the transient fire;  
 but when the mind receives the dart,  
 enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,  
 your mind improves with years;  
 as when the blossoms fade away,  
 the rip'ning fruit appears:

may heaven and Sylvia grant my suit,  
 and bless each future hour,  
 that Damon, who can taste the fruit,  
 may gather ev'ry flower!

212

Set by Jackson.

Let Fortune's angry tempest blow,  
 we shrink not from it's force,  
 the streams of life still calmly flow  
 and pure their gentle course.

For us, my fair, Content has wove  
 each sweet and balmy flower,  
 or us she tends the blooming grove,  
 and decks the rural bower.

4\*

213

## TO MY LUTE.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

What shade and what stillness around !  
 let us seek the lov'd cot of the fair ;  
 there soften her sleep with thy sound,  
 and banish each phantom of care.

The Virgin may wake to thy strain,  
 and be sooth'd, nay, be pleas'd with thy song :  
 alas ! she may pity the swain,  
 and fancy his sorrows too long.

Could thy voice give a smile to her cheek,  
 what a joy, what a rapture were mine !  
 then for ever thy fame would I speak—  
 O my lute, what a triumph were thine !

Ah ! whisper kind love in her ear,  
 and sweetly my wishes impart ;  
 say, the swain who adores her is near ;  
 say, thy sounds are the sighs of his heart.

214

Set by Jackson.

To me had clouds o'erspread the sky,  
 the drooping roses seem'd to die ;  
 the plumes were rent from Zephyr's wing,  
 and silent was the voice of spring :

but Delia chac'd Despair away,  
 their liveliest bloom the flowers display ;  
 soft gales arise and fan the grove,  
 the hills, the plains, resound with love.

215

TO DELIA.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

While poets pour their happiest lays,  
 and call thee ev'ry thing divine;  
 not quite so lavish in thy praise,  
 to censure be the province mine.

Tho' born with talents to surprise,  
 thou seldom dost those pow'rs display:  
 thus seem they trifling in thine eyes!  
 thus heaven's best gifts are thrown away!

Tho' rich in charms, thou know'st it not;  
 such is thine ignorance profound;  
 and then such cruelty thy lot,  
 thy sweetest smile inflicts a wound.



216

BY T. DIBDIN.

Set by J. Moorehead.

Together rear'd, we oft beguil'd,  
 in infant sports, the day.  
 How oft on me my William smil'd,  
 who now is far away!

Oft as we saunter'd through the grove,  
 his prattle made me gay,  
 while friendship ripen'd into love;  
 but now he's far away.

Now fair befall thee gentle youth!  
 where'er thy steps may stray;  
 remember still her faith and truth,  
 who mourns thee far away.



BY CAPT. MORRIS.

Tho' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing bowl,  
and Folly in thought-drowning revels delight,  
such worship, alas ! has no charms for the soul  
when softer devotions the senses invite ;

to the arrow of fate or the canker of care,  
his potions oblivious some balm may bestow,  
but the fancy which feeds on the charms of the fair  
the death of reflection's the birth of all woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,  
with riot would bid the sweet vision begone,  
for the tear which bedews sensibility's shrine,  
is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's fun.

The tender excess which inamours the heart,  
to few is imparted, to millions denied ;  
't is the brain of the victim which tempers the dart,  
and fool's jest at that for which sages have died.

Each change and excess has through life been my  
and well can I speak of it's joy and it's strife. [doom,  
The bottle affords us a glimpse through the gloom,  
but Love's the true sunshine which gladdens our life.

Come, then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight  
those magic illusions which gladden the soul,  
awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,  
and drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl ;  
then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,  
nor e'er, jolly God, from thy banquet remove,  
but each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,  
that's mellow'd by Friendship and sweeten'd by Love.

218

Set by W. Jackson.

Ah why must words my flame reveal,  
why need my Damon bid me tell  
what all my actions prove.

A blush, whene'er I meet his eye,  
whene'er I hear his name, a sigh  
betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,  
my eyes still fix'd on him remain,  
and him alone approve;

the rest unheeded dance or play,  
from all he steals my praise away,  
and can he doubt my love?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess,  
the joys which all my soul possess,  
and every care remove;  
still still too short appears his stay,  
the moments fly too quick away,  
too quick for my fond love.

Do any speak in Damon's praise?  
so pleas'd am I with all he says,

I every word approve;  
but is he blam'd, altho' in jest,  
I feel resentment fire my breast,  
alas! because I love.

But oh! what tortures tear my heart,  
when I suspect his looks impart,  
the least desire to rove;

I hate the maid who gives me pain,  
yet him to hate I strive in vain,  
for ah! that hate is love.



Then ask not words but read mine eyes,  
 believe my blushes, trust my sighs,  
     my passion these will prove;  
 words oft deceive and spring from art,  
 the true expression of my heart,  
     to Damon must be love.

219

## THE STREAMLET.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE WOODMAN.

Set by W. Shield.

The streamlet which flow'd round her cot,  
 all the charms of my Emily knew,  
     how oft has it's course been forgot,  
 while it paus'd her dear image to view.

Believe me, the fond silver tide,  
 knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize;  
     for, silently swelling with pride,  
 it reflected her back to the skies.

220

## MUTUAL LOVE.

A Duet in "The Lakers."

When two fond hearts in mutual love  
     their fortunes firm unite,  
 dear is the bliss they then approve,  
     unruffled their delight:  
 for Reason then, with sanction wise,  
     reveres their plighted troth,  
 and angels, bending from the skies,  
     are witness to their oath.



221

## THE LAPLAND LOVER.

From the Spectator, No. 366. Set by C. Smith, Jun.

Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray  
invites my fair to rural play,  
dispel the mist, and clear the skies,  
and bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,  
I'd climb that pine-tree's top-most bough,  
aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,  
and round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?  
what wood conceals my sleeping maid?  
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear  
the trees which hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,  
or on the raven's pinions rise!  
Ye storks! ye swans! a moment stay,  
and waft a lover on his way.

My bliss too long my bride denies,  
apace the wasting summer flies;  
nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,  
nor storms nor night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?  
oh! love has fetters stronger far!  
by bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,  
but cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex my breast;  
when thoughts torment, the first are best:  
't is mad to go, 't is death to stay;  
away to Orra, haste away!



## THE ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Since artists, who sue for the trophies of fame,  
 their wit and their taste, and their genius proclaim,  
 attend to my song, where you 'll certainly find,  
 a secret disclos'd for the good of mankind;  
 and deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due,  
 I've found out a padlock to keep the wife true,  
 Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,  
 with the ardours of youth all her passions inflame,  
 should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,  
 and languishing lovers still sigh and admire,  
 yet fearless you 'll trust her, tho' thousands may sue,  
 when I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.  
 Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains,  
 with his bars and his bolts, his confinement and chains,  
 how fatally weak must this artifice prove;  
 can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?  
 Throw jealousy hence, bid suspicion adieu;  
 restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.  
 Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,  
 all complying and kind you must give her her way;  
 while her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,  
 't is reason secures you the treasures of love;  
 and, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find,  
 for the fair-one is safe if you padlock her mind.  
 Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend,  
 let the husband be lost in the lover and friend,  
 let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,  
 't is the charm of indulgence which binds the soft sex.  
 They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in view,  
 good humour's the padlock to keep the wife true.

223

MARIA.

BY WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ.

The bard, whom the charms of Maria inspire,  
 who steals from his subject applause for his lyre,  
 may tenderly sigh, when some summers are o'er,  
 and he finds, that her personal charms are no more ;  
 the beauties I prais'd, I no longer can see,  
 yet Maria shall still be Maria to me.

Her cheek the warm rose may no longer display,  
 but can time with the rose steal the dimple away ?  
 Her eyes with a lustre less brilliant may beam,  
 but there will affection more tenderly gleam,  
 and softer, and dearer their promise shall be,  
 while Maria is still dear Maria to me.

If the first in the dance she no longer may shine,  
 all the joys of the dance shall then cease to be mine ;  
 the crowd she no longer with rapture may fire,  
 and I from the crowd can contented retire ;  
 tho' quickly the leaves drop from pleasures gay tree,  
 yet Maria shall still be Maria to me.

The bank by the streamlet may moulder away,  
 the rock stands uninjur'd and knows no decay ;  
 time her form may despoil, but must leave me behind,  
 her talents, her manners, her virtues, her mind ;  
 roll on then ye summers, no change shall I see,  
 while Maria shall still be Maria to me.

224

Set by Harris.

Far in a winding vale retir'd,  
 a peerless bud I found,  
 and shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd  
 to fence her beauties round;  
 that Nature in so lone a dell,  
 should form a nymph so sweet,  
 or Fortune to her secret cell  
 conduct my wand'ring feet!

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,  
 but she would ne'er incline;  
 "Prove to your equals true," she cry'd,  
 "as I will prove to mine.

'T is Strephon on the mountain's brow,  
 has won my right good will;  
 to him I gave my plighted vow,  
 with him I'll climb the hill."

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,  
 I clasp'd the constant fair;  
 to her alone, I gave my youth,  
 and vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,  
 or I those charms forego,  
 the stream which saw our tender love,  
 that stream shall cease to flow.



225

## THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

Set by W. Shield.

Her mouth with a smile,  
 devoid of all guile,

half open'd to view,  
is the bud of the rose,  
in the morning that blows,  
impearl'd with the dew,

More fragrant her breath  
than the flower-scented heath  
at the dawning of day,  
than hawthorn in bloom,  
or the lily's perfume,  
or the bossoms of May.

226

## THE ECHO SONG.

Set by Hook.

Echo tell me while I wander,  
o'er this fairy-plain to prove him,  
if my shepherd still grows fonder,  
ought I in return to love him?

*Echo.* Love him, love him.

If he loves, as is the fashion,  
should I churlishly forsake him;  
or in pity to his passion,  
fondly to my bosom take him?

*Echo.* Take him, take him.

Thy advice I'll then adhere to,  
since in Cupid's chains I've led him,  
and with Henry shall not fear to  
marry, if you answer wed him.

*Echo.* Wed him, wed him.



227

Set by W. Jackson.

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,  
 the youth who fondly sits by thee,  
 and hears and sees thee, all the while,  
 sweetly speak and sweetly smile.

'T was this depriv'd my soul of rest,  
 and rais'd such tumults in my breast,  
 for while I gaz'd, in transport lost,  
 my breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle flame  
 ran quick through all my vital frame;  
 o'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
 my ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
 my blood with gentle horror thrill'd,  
 my feeble pulse forgot to play,  
 I fainted, sunk, and died away.

228

BY BEN JONSON.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
 and I will pledge with mine,  
 or leave a kiss within the cup,  
 and I'll not look for wine;  
 the thirst that from my soul doth rise,  
 doth ask a drink divine;  
 but might I of Jove's nectar sip,  
 I would not change for thine,

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 not so much hon'ring thee,



as giving it a hope that there  
 it would not wither'd be :  
 but thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 and sent it back to me ;  
 yet as it grows it smells, I swear,  
 not of itself, but thee.

229

Set by Hook.

Ma chere amie, my charming fair,  
 whose smiles can banish ev'ry care ;  
 in kind compassion smile on me,  
 whose only care is love of thee.

Ma chere amie.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,  
 my bosom caught the tender flame,  
 may friendship in thy bosom be,  
 converted into love for me.

Ma chere amie.

Together rear'd, together grown,  
 O let us now unite in one ;  
 let pity soften thy decree,

I droop, dear maid ! I die for thee.

Ma chere amie.

230

Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow,  
 shield her ye trees, ye flowers around her grow ;  
 ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by,  
 for Celia in yon vale asleep doth lie.

5\*

BY L. MACNALLY, ESQ.

What wakes this new pain in my breast,  
 this sense which lay dormant before?  
 lie still busy flutt'rer and rest;  
 the peace of my bosom restore.

Why trickles in silence the tear?  
 this sighing, ah! what does it mean?  
 this mixture of hope and of fear,  
 where once all was mild and serene?

What wakes, &c.

Some pleasingly anxious alarm,  
 now warms and then freezes my heart,  
 some soft irresistible charm,  
 alternate gives pleasure and smart.

What wakes, &c.

## THE THORN.

From Incledon's "Variety," the words by Burns.

Set by Shield.

From the white blossom'd sloe, my dear Chloe re-  
 a sprig her fair breast to adorn. [quested,  
 No, by heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish,  
 if ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

When I shew'd her a ring, and implor'd her to marry,  
 she blush'd like the dawning of morn.

Yes, I'll consent, she replied, if you promise  
 that no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.

No, by heavens! I exclaim'd, may I perish,  
 if ever I plant in that bosom a thorn.

## 233

Set by W. Jackson.

For ever fortune wilt thou prove,  
an unrelenting foe to love,  
and when we meet a mutual heart  
come in between and bid us part;  
bid us sigh on from day to day,  
and wish and wish our souls away,  
till youth and genial years be flown,  
and all the life of life be gone!

But busy, busy still art thou,  
to bind the loveless joyless bow,  
the heart from pleasure to delude,  
to tie the gentle with the rude.  
For once, O Fortune! hear my prayer,  
and I absolve thy future care,  
all other blessings I resign,  
make but the dear Amanda mine.



## 234

I've roam'd through many a weary round,  
I've wander'd east and west,  
pleasure in ev'ry clime I've found,  
but sought in vain for rest.

While glory sighs for other spheres,  
I feel that one's too wide,  
and think the home which love endears,  
worth all the world beside.

The needle thus, too rudely toss'd,  
wanders uncertain where,  
till having found the place it lost,  
it trembling settles there.





## 235

FROM THE TURKISH.

Set by J. W. Holder.

Adieu, Orlando! oh! farewell my love!  
and may thou contant to thy Flora prove!

Go, dearest youth! go; and may'st thou be  
as happy as thy Flora wishes thee.

Return once more and gladden my fond heart,  
oh may we meet soon never more to part.

Go, dearest youth! &c.

Then shall poor Flora ah! indeed be blest,  
by her Orlando lov'd and caress'd.

Go, dearest youth! &c.

Haste, then, haste back again, and you shall prove,  
that Flora's friendship's turn'd to love.

Go, dearest youth! &c.



## 236

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Set by J. W. Holder.

Ask'st thou how long my love will last,  
when all that 's new is past?

How long, ah Delia! can I say,  
how long my life will last?

Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,  
at least I 'll love you till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too?  
the thought of Damon's death?

that he who only lives for you,  
must yield his faithful breath?

Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,  
nor let us lose our Heaven here.



## 237

Set by W. Jackson.

To him who in an hour must die,  
not swifter seems that hour to fly,  
than slow the minutes seems to me,  
which keep me from a sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,  
another day or year to live,

than I to shorten what remains  
of that long hour which thee detains.

O come to my impatient arms !

O come ! with all thy heavenly charms !

at once to justify and stay  
the pain I feel from this delay.



## 238

When Time which steals our years away  
shall steal our pleasures too,  
the memory of the past will stay,  
and half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower  
shall feel the wintry air,

Remembrance will recall the hour,  
when thou alone wert fair.

Then talk no more of future gloom,  
our joys shall always last,  
for hope shall brighten days to come,  
and mem'ry gild the past.



## 239

## THE WIFE'S FAREWELL.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

Set by M. Kelley.

While I hang on your bosom distracted to lose you,  
 high swells my sad heart and fast my tears flow,  
 yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,  
 did I ever upbraid you? oh! no, my love, no.

I own it would please me at home could you tarry,  
 nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go;  
 but if it gives pleasure to you my dear Harry,  
 shall I blame your departure? oh! no, my love, no.



## 240

## THE ROSE.

BY MISS SEWARD,

Set by Sig. Rauzzina.

My Stella sleeps; the sultry hour,  
 seals her soft eye-lids in the bower,  
 and, see! the snowy rose she wore,  
 is fall'n upon the verdant shore.

Ah rose! thou hast fled from a throne,  
 where thy fairness and scent were outdone,  
 and the graces, which rival thy own,  
 thy envy has taught thee to shun.

And O! since thy thorns might annoy,  
 a breast which the graces adorn;  
 to the mansion of love and of joy,  
 pale rover! thou shalt not return,





## ELEGIAC.

241

## THE MAD SHEPHERDESS.

My lodging is on the cold ground  
 and very hard is my fare ;  
 but that which troubles me most is  
 the unkindness of my dear ;  
 yet still I cry, O turn my love !

I pray thee, love, turn to me,  
 thou art the only man I love ;  
 alack ! what remedy ?

I'll crown thee with a garland, love,  
 and marry thee with a rush ring ;  
 my frozen hopes shall all then thaw,  
 and merrily we will sing :

O turn to me, my only love !

I prithee, love, turn to me,  
 for thou art the man that alone  
 canst set me at liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart,  
 and be deaf to my pitiful moan,  
 then I must endure all the smart  
 and tumble in straw quite alone ;  
 yet still I cry, O my love turn,

I pray thee, love, turn to me,  
 for thou art the man that alone  
 dost cause all my misery.

## 242

BY RICHARD ROLT.

From the Opera of "Eliza."

My fond shepherds of late were so blest,  
 their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,  
 that each night they went safely to rest,  
 and they merrily sung through the day;  
 but, ah! what a scene must appear!  
 must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?  
 shall the tabor no more strike the ear?  
 shall the dance on the green be no more?

Must the flocks from the pastures be led?  
 must the herds go wild straying abroad?  
 shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed?  
 and the ships be all moor'd in each road?  
 must the arts be all scatter'd around?  
 and shall commerce grow sick of the tide?  
 must religion expire on the ground,  
 and shall virtue sink down by her side?

## 243

BY M. P. ANDREWS, ESQ.

Set by Miss Abrams.

You own I'm complacent, yet tell me I'm cold;  
 then must I my youth's early sorrows unfold?  
 must waken remembrance to joys which are fled,  
 now hope is extinguish'd and passion is dead?  
 I have lost in life's morn all that life could endear,  
 and if I seem cheerful, I smile through a tear.

My parents, tho' humble, were happy and good,  
 we could boast of our honour, if not of our blood:  
 my lover, ah! how the sad tale shall I tell?  
 for his country he fought, for his country he fell;

he was brave, he was true, to my soul he was dear,  
his fame claims a smile, but it shines through a tear.

In vain would I picture my agoniz'd heart,  
my parents soft soothings no balm could impart;  
they sunk o'er the child whom they could not relieve,  
and the cold hand of death left me only to grieve:  
thus fated to suffer, that moment draws near,  
when you 'll neither distinguish a smile nor a tear.

## THE SLIGHTED MAIDEN.

BY MISS. C —.

The tears I shed must ever fall,  
I mourn not for an absent swain,  
for thoughts may past delights recall,  
and parted lovers meet again;  
I weep not for the silent dead,  
their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,  
and those they lov'd their steps shall tread,  
and death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll'd between,  
if certain that his heart is here,  
a conscious transport glads each scene,  
soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.  
E'en when by Death's cold hand remov'd,  
we mourn the tenant of the tomb,  
to think that still in death he lov'd,  
gilds e'en the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears  
of her who slighted love bewails,  
no hope her dreary prospect cheers,  
no pleasing melancholy hails.

~~~~~  
 Her's are the pangs of wounded Pride,
 of blasted Hope, of wither'd Joy,
 the flatt'ring veil is rent aside,
 the flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
 the hours once wing'd with joy to me;
 the sad reverse soon starts to view,
 and turns the past to agony.
 Even Time itself avails no more
 to soothe my pangs of rending woe;
 ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor!
 to win a heart—and break it too.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 gave what would make Suspicion start,
 no pause the dire extremes between;
 he made me blest, and broke my heart.
 From Hope, the wretch's anchor, torn,
 neglected and neglecting all,
 friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 the tears I shed must ever fall.



245

A WINTER PIECE.

Set by John Clarke.

It was a winter's evening & fast came down the snow,
 and keenly o'er the wide heath
 the bitter blast did blow.

When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
 prest her baby to her bosom
 and sadly thus did say.

O cruel was my father, who shut his door on me,
 and cruel was my mother
 who such a sight could see,

and cruel is the wintry wind which chills my heart with
 but crueller that all the lad [cold,
 who left my love for gold.

Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my
 ah little thinks thy father [breast;
 how sadly we're distress'd,

for cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
 he 'd shield us in his arms
 from this bitter piercing air.

Cold, cold, my dearest jewel, thy little life is gone,
 oh let my tears revive thee,
 so warm that trickle down :

My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before they
 ah wretched, wretched mother; [fall!
 thou 'rt now bereft of all !

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow,
 and wrung with killing anguish,
 lamented loud her woe ;

she kiss'd her baby's pale lips and laid it by her side,
 then cast her eyes to heaven,
 and bow'd her head and died.

246

ON CLAUDIUS PHILIPS.

ALTERED FROM GARRICK, AND SET AS A GLEE.

O thou whose notes could oft remove
 the pangs of woe or hapless love,
 rest here, distress'd by cares no more,
 and taste those calms thou gav'st before.

Sleep undisturb'd within thy peaceful shrine,
 till angels wake thee with such notes as thine.

247

CRAZY JANE.

BY M. LEWIS, ESQ.

Music by Miss Abrams.

Why, fair maid, in ev'ry feature,
are such signs of fear exprest,
can a wand'ring wretched creature,
with such terror fill thy breast?

Do my frenzied looks alarm thee,
trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain ;
not for kingdoms would I harm thee,
shun not then poor crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
mark me, and avoid my woe.

When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
think them false; I found them so;
for I lov'd, oh! so sincerely,
none like me can love again;
but the youth I lov'd so dearly,
stole the wits of crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
which was doom'd to love but one.
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him,
but he was false and I undone.

From that hour has reason never
held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled, with him for ever
fled the wits of crazy Jane.


~~~~~  
**HUMOUROUS.**

248

**PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.**

Oh! what a pain it is to love; how shall I bear it?  
 she will unconstant prove, I greatly fear it.

She so torments my mind, that my strength faileth,  
 and wavers with the wind, as a ship that saileth;  
 please her the best I may, she looks another way;  
 alack! and well-a-day! Phillida flouts me!

All the fair yesterday she did not pass by me;  
 she look'd another way, and would not spy me.  
 I woo'd her for to dine, but could not get her.  
 Will had her to the wine; that he might intreat her.  
 With Daniel she did dance, on me she look'd askance,  
 oh! thrice unhappy chance! Phillida flouts me;

Fair maid! be not so coy, do not disdain me;  
 I am my mother's joy, sweet! entertain me!  
 she'll give me, when she dies, all that is fitting;  
 her poultry and her bees, and her geese sitting;  
 a pair of mattress beds, and a bag full shreds;  
 and yet for all these goods, Phillida flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine, wrought with good Coventry,  
 which she keeps for a sign of my fidelity.

But i' faith, if she flinch, she shall not wear it;  
 to Tibb, my t' other wench, I mean to bear it.

And yet it grieves my heart so soon from her to part!  
 Death strikes me with his dart! Phillida flouts me!

Thou shalt eat curds and cream all the year lasting;  
 and drink the crystal stream, pleasant in tasting:

wigge and whey, while thou burst, and bramble-berry,  
pye-lid and pasty crust, pears, plums, and cherry;  
thy raiment shall be thin, made of a weaven skin;  
yet all not worth a pin! Phillida flouts me.

Fair maidens, have a care, and in time take me;  
I can have those as fair, if you forsake me.

For Doll the dairy-maid, laugh'd on me lately,  
and wanton Winifred favours me greatly.

One throws milk on my clothes, t' other plays with  
my nose:

what wanton signs are those! Phillida flouts me!

I cannot work and sleep all at a season;  
love wounds my heart so deep, without all reason.

I 'gin to pine away, with grief and sorrow,  
like to a fatted beast penn'd in a meadow.

I shall be dead, I fear, within this hundred year,  
and all for very fear! Phillida flouts me!

249.

### THE VOW.

'O clear that cruel doubting brow!

I call on mighty Jove  
to witness this eternal vow—

'tis you alone I love.'

"O leave the God to soft repose,"

the smiling maid replies,

"for Jove but laughs at lovers' vows,  
and lovers' perjuries."

'By honour'd beauty's gentle pow'r,  
by friendship's holy flame!

“ Ah! what is beauty but a flow’r,  
and friendship but a name.”

‘ By those dear tempting lips,’ I cry’d —  
with arch ambiguous look,  
convinc’d, my Chloe glanc’d aside  
and bade me “ Kiss the book.”

250.

THE FAN.

For various purpose serves the fan;  
as thus; a decent blind,  
between the sticks to peep at man,  
nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain;  
resentment’s in the snap;  
a flirt expresses strong disdain,  
consent a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,  
all modes of female art;  
and to advantage sweetly shews,  
the hand, if not the heart.

’Tis Folly’s sceptre, first design’d  
by Love’s capricious boy,  
who knows how lightly all mankind  
are governed by a toy.

251.

## A PARODY

on "Blest as th' immortal Gods is he."

BY THE HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

Drunk as a dragon sure is he,  
the youth who dines or sups with thee;  
and sees and hears thee, full of fun,  
loudly laugh, and quiantly pun.

'T was this first made me love my dose,  
and rais'd such pimples on my nose;  
for while I fill'd to every toast,  
my health was gone, my senses lost.

I found the claret and champaigne,  
in flame my blood, and mad my brain;  
the toast fell fault'ring from my tongue,  
I hardly heard the catch I sung.

I felt my gorge and sickness rise;  
the candles danc'd before my eyes;  
my sight grew dim, the room turn'd round,  
I tumbled senseless on the ground.

252.

## A BALLAD OF SIMILIES.

BY GEORGE HUDDSFORD.

If life like a bubble evaporates fast,  
you must take off your wine, if you wish it to last;  
for a bubble may soon be destroyed with a puff,  
if it be not kept floating in liquor enough.

If life's like a flower, as grave moralists say,  
't is a very good thing understood the right way,  
for if life be a flower, every blockhead can tell,  
if you'd have it look fresh you must water it well.

That life is a journey no mortal disputes,  
then we'll liquor our brains, boys, instead of our boots,  
and each toper shall own, on life's road as he reels,  
that a spur in the head is worth two on the heels.

If life's like a lamp, then, to make it shine brighter,  
we'll assign to Maderia the post of lamp-lighter,  
we'll cherish the flame with Oporto so stout,  
and drink Brandy-punch till we're fairly burnt out.

The world to a theatre liken'd has been,  
where each one around bears his part in the scene;  
if 't is our's to be tipsy, 't is matter of fact  
that the more you all drink, boys, the better you'll act.

Life fleets like a dream, like a vision appears,  
some laugh in their slumbers and others shed tears;  
but of us, when we wake from our dream, 't will be said,  
that the tears of the tankard were all that were shed.



253.

IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

Much food doth gluttony procure  
to feed men fat like swine,  
but he's a frugal man indeed  
who on a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,  
his finger ends to wipe,  
who has his kitchen in a box,  
his roast-meat in a pipe.



254.

GLEE.

SET BY JOHN ECCLES.

Wine does wonders every day,  
 makes the heavy light and gay,  
 throws of all their melancholy,  
 makes the wiser go astray,  
 and the busy toy and play,  
 and the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,  
 men in years forget they're old,  
 women leave their coy disdaining,  
 who till then were shy and cold;  
 makes the niggard slight his gold,  
 and the foppish entertaining.

255.

ANNA.

Anna thy charms my bosom fire,  
 and waste my soul with care,  
 but, ah! how bootless to admire,  
 when fated to despair.

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair!  
 desire may be forgiv'n,  
 for sure 't were impious to despair,  
 so much in sight of heaven.



~~~~~

SEA.

256.

THE NEGLECTED TAR.

I sing the British seaman's praise,
 a theme renown'd in story,
 it well deserves more polish'd lays,
 oh 't is your boast and glory.

When mad-brain'd War spreads death around,
 by them you are protected;
 but when in peace the nation's found,
 these bulwarks are neglected.

Then, oh ! protect the hardy tar,
 be mindful of his merit,
 and when again you're plung'd in war,
 he'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
 far on the trackless ocean;
 when lightnings dart, when thunders roll,
 and all is wild commotion;
 when o'er the bark the white-topped waves,
 with boist'rous sweep are rolling,
 yet coolly still the whole he braves,
 serene amid the howling.

Then oh ! &c.

When deep immers'd in sulphurous smoke,
 he feels a glowing pleasure;
 he loads his gun, right heart of oak,
 elated beyond measure.

Tho' fore and aft the blood stain'd deck
 should lifeless trunks appear;

or should the vessel float a wreck,
the sailor knows no fear.

Then oh! &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
where scorching beams assail him;
when all the canvass hangs supine,
and food and water fail him;
then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
where plenty still is reigning;
they call the watch, his rapture's o'er,
he sighs, forbears complaining.

Then, oh! &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
where death so oft befriends him;
or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
true courage still attends him:
no clime can this eradicate;
he's calm amidst annoyance;
he fearless braves the storms of fate,
on Heav'n is his reliance.

Then oh! &c.

Why should the man who knows no fear,
in peace be then neglected?
behold him move along the pier,
Pale, meagre, and dejected!
Behold him begging for employ!
behold him disregarded!
then view the anguish in his eye,
and say, are tars rewarded?

Then, oh! &c.

To them your dearests rights you owe,
in peace then would you starve them!
what say ye, Britain's sons? oh! no!

protect them and preserve them.
 Shield them from poverty and pain,
 't is policy to do it;
 or when grim War shall come again,
 oh! Britons you may rue it.
 Then oh! &c.



257.

HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

For England, when with fav'ring gale,
 our gallant ship up Channel steer'd,
 and scudding under easy sail,
 the high blue western land appear'd;
 to heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 and to the pilot cleerly sung,
 "By the deep—nine!"

And bearing up to gain the port,
 some well-known object kept in view;
 an abbey-tow'r, an harbour fort,
 or beacon to the vessel true;
 while oft the lead the seamen flung,
 and to the pilot cheerly sung,
 "By the mark—seven!"

And as the much-lov'd shore drew near,
 with transport we beheld the roof
 where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 of faith and love a matchless proof.
 The lead once more the seaman flung,
 and to the watchful pilot sung,
 "Quarter less—five."

Now to her birth the ship draws nigh;
 we shorten sail, she feels the tide,

~~~~~  
 "Stand clear the cable" is the cry  
 the anchor's gone; we safely ride.  
 The watch is set, and through the night,  
 we hear the seaman with delight,  
 proclaim, "All's well!"

~~~~~  
 258.

THE LULLABY.

From the Opera of "The Pirates."

BY MR. COBB.

Peaceful slumbering on the ocean,
 seamen fear no danger nigh,
 the winds and waves in gentle motion,
 sooth them with their lullaby.
 Is the wind tempestuous blowing?
 still no danger they descry,
 the guileless heart it's boon bestowing;
 soothes them with it's lullaby.

~~~~~  
 259

In vain you tell your parting lover,  
 you wish fair winds may waft him over,  
 alas! what winds can happy prove  
 which bear me far from what I love?  
 Alas! what dangers on the main  
 can equal those which I sustain  
 from slighted vows and cold disdain?  
 Be gentle, and in pity choose  
 to wish the wildest tempest loose,  
 that thrown again upon the coast,  
 where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,  
 I may once more repeat my pain,  
 once more in pensive notes complain  
 of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

260.

## TOM TACKLE.

WRITTEN AND SET BY DIBDIN.

Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word,  
If merit bought titles, Tom might be a lord.  
How gaily his bark through life's ocean would sail,  
Truth furnish'd the rigging and Honour the gale.  
Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had,  
That good as he was made him all that was bad;  
He was paltry, and pitiful, scurvy and mean,  
And the snivlingest scoundrel that ever was seen;  
For so said the girls, and the landlord's long score:  
Would you know what this fault was? Tom Tackle was  
poor.

'T was once on a time, when we took a galloon,  
And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some tune,  
Tom a trip took to jail an old messmate to free,  
And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee.  
Then Tom was an angel downright from heaven sent,  
While they'd hands he his goodness should never re-  
pent.

Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad case,  
To find his old friend shut the door in his face! [sure,  
Why d'ye wonder cried one, he's serv'd right to be  
once Tom Tackle was rich; now, Tom Tackle is poor.

I am not, you see, vers'd in high maxims and sitch,  
But do n't this same honour concern poor and rich?  
If't arise not from good hearts, I cannot see where from,  
And I know if e'er tar had a good heart it was Tom.  
Yet somehow or other, Tom never did right.

None knew better than he when to spare or to fight.  
He by finding a leak, once preserv'd crew and ship,



sav'd the commodore's life; then he made such rare flip;  
and yet for all this, no one Tom could endure,  
I imagine as how 't was because he was poor.

## 261

## THE MID-WATCH.

Attributed to R. B. Sheridan, esq.

When 't is night, and the Mid-watch is come;  
and chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main;  
then sailors think of their far distant home,  
and of those friends they ne'er may see again.

But when the fight's begun,  
each serving at his gun,  
should any thought of them come o'er our mind,  
we think but should the day be won,  
how 't will cheer,  
their hearts to hear,  
that their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind  
have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,  
who many a night doth listen to the wind,  
and sighs to think how it may fare with you.

O when the fight's begun,  
each serving at his gun,  
should any thought of her come o'er your mind,  
think only should the day be won,  
how 't will cheer,  
her heart to hear,  
that her own true sailor he was one.



**MILITARY AND PATRIOTIC.**

**DATE OBOLUM BELLISARIO.**

BY COLLINS.

Heav'n's gifts are unequal in this world awarded,  
as the wise page of hist'ry to us has recorded;  
since the learned, great, and good, of it's frowns  
seldom scape any,

witness brave Bellisarius, who begg'd for a halfpenny.  
Date Obolum, Date Obolum, Date Obolum, Bel-  
lisario.

He, whose fame from his valour and victories arose,  
of his country the shield, and the scourge of her foes,  
by his poor faithful dog, blind and aged, was led,  
with one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his bread.

Date Obolum, &c,

When a young Roman knight, in the street passing by,  
the vet'ran survey'd with a heart-rending sigh,  
his purse in his helmet he dropp'd with a tear,  
while the soldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear.

Date Obolum, &c.

I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome,  
I have crown'd her with laurels, which for ages shall  
bloom,

I've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her pride and  
her power,

I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dower.

Date Obolum, &c.

Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at random,  
losing thousands their lives by a nil desperandum;

but each conquest I gain'd, I made friend and foe know  
that my soul's only aim was pro publico bono.

Date Obolum, &c.

I no colonies lost by attempts to enslave them,  
I of Roman's free rights never strove to bereave them,  
nor, to bow down their necks to the yoke for my  
pleasure,  
have an empire dismember'd, or squander'd its  
treasure.

Date Obolum, &c.

Nor yet for my friends, for my kindred, or self,  
has my glory been tarnish'd by base views of pelf,  
for such sordid designs I've so far been from carving,  
old and blind, I've no choice, but of begging or  
starving.

Date Obolum, &c.

Now if soldier, or statesman, of what age or nation,  
he, hereafter, may be, should hear this relation;  
and of eye-sight bereft, should, like me, grope his way,  
the bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night to day.

Date Obolum, &c.

But, if wanting that light, at the close of life's spark,  
he, at length, comes to take the great leap in the dark,  
he may wish, while his friends wring their hands round  
his bed,

that, like poor Bellisarius, he'd begg'd for his bread.

Date Obolum, &c.

But I to distress and to darkness inured,  
in this vile crust of clay when no longer immur'd,  
at death's welcome stroke my bright course shall begin,  
and enjoy endless day from the sunshine within.

Date Obolum, Date Obolum, Date Obolum, Bel-  
lisario.



263

## THE GLAD TRUMPET.

Written by Mr. Cherry in the "Traveller."

SET BY D. CORRIE, YR

He was fam'd for deeds of arms,  
she a maid of envied charms,  
She to him her love imparts,  
one pure flame pervades both hearts.  
Honour calls him to the field,  
Love to conquest now must yield.

"Sweet maid!" he cry'd, "again I'll come to thee  
when the glad trumpet sounds a victory."

Battle now with fury glows,  
hostile blood in torrents flows;  
his duty tells him to depart;  
she prest her hero to her heart:  
and now the trumpet sounds to arms,  
and now the clash of wars alarms.

"Sweet maid!" he cry'd, "again I'll come to thee  
when the glad trumpet sounds a victory."

He with love and honour burns,  
both subdue his mind by turns.  
Death the soldier now enthralls,  
by his wounds the hero falls!  
She, disdaining war's alarms,  
rush'd and caught him in her arms.

"O Death!" he cry'd, "thou'rt welcome now to me  
for the glad trumpet sounds a victory."



## THE HAPPY NATION.

From the Musical Comedy of "The Summer's Tale."

BY R. CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

Happy Nation! who possessing  
nature's gifts in full increase,  
sees around thee ev'ry blessing,  
scenes of plenty, scenes of peace.

Chorus. Happy nation, &c.

Fields where golden harvests waving  
glistens in the ripening sun;  
streams their fertile borders laving  
scattering riches as they run.

Chorus.

Meads, where flocks and herds disporting  
gaily paint the chequer'd vale;  
groves, where happy shepherds' courting  
softly breathe their amorous tale.

Chorus.

Cooling zephyrs gently blowing  
fragrance from the flow'ry plains;  
temperate skies serenely glowing;  
virtuous nymphs and valiant swains.

Chorus.

265

## GOD SAVE THE KING.

Written by Henry Carey.

God save great George our King,  
long live our noble King,

God save the King!

send him victorious,  
happy and glorious,  
long to reign over us.

God save the King.

O Lord our God arise,  
scatter his enemies,

and make them fall;  
confound their politics,  
frustrate their knavish tricks,  
on thee our hopes we fix,

God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
on George be pleas'd to pour,

long may he reign!  
may he defend our laws,  
and ever give us cause,

to sing with heart and voice,

God save the King.

O grant him long to see  
friendship and unity

always increase,  
may he his sceptre sway,  
all loyal souls obey,  
join heart and voice, huzza!

God save the King.



## GENERAL WOLFE'S SONG.

How stands the glass around?  
 for shame, you take no care, my boys!  
 how stands the glass around?  
 let mirth and wine abound!  
 the trumpets sound,  
 the colours now are flying, boys,  
 to fight, kill, or wound;  
 may we still be found  
 content with our hard fate, my boys,  
 on the cold ground!

Why, soldiers! why  
 should we be melancholy, boys!  
 why, soldiers! why:  
 whose business 't is to die!  
 What! sighing! fie;  
 kill fear, drink on, be jolly boys!  
 't is he, you, or I,  
 cold, hot, wet, or dry;  
 we're always bound to follow, boys;  
 and scorn to fly!

'T is but in vain,  
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys;  
 't is but in vain  
 for soldiers to complain:  
 should next campaign  
 send us to him who made us, boys,  
 we're free from pain;  
 but if we remain,  
 a bottle and good company  
 cure all again.



MISCELLANEOUS.

267.

THE MAID OF LODI.

Ising the Maid of Lodi,  
 who sweetly sung to me,  
 whose brows were never cloudy,  
 nor e'er distent with glee;  
 she values not the wealthy,  
 unless they're great and good,  
 for she is strong and healthy,  
 and by labour earns her food.

And when her day-work's over,  
 around a cheerful fire  
 she sings or rests contented,  
 what more can man desire?

Let those who squander millions  
 review her happy lot,  
 they'll find their proud pavillions  
 inferior to her cot.

Among the mild Madonas  
 her features you may find,  
 but not the fam'd Corregios  
 could ever paint her mind.  
 Then sing the Maid of Lodi,  
 who sweetly sung to me;  
 and when this maid is married,  
 still happier may she be.

268.

## THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

No more my song shall be, ye swains,  
of purling streams or flow'ry plains ;  
more pleasing beauties me inspire,  
a Phœbus tunes my warbling lyre ;  
divinely aided, thus I mean  
to celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her sweet Innocence you 'll find,  
with freedom, truth, and beauty join'd ;  
from pride and affectation free,  
alike she smiles on you and me.  
The brightest nymph that trips the plain  
I do pronounce, my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish or trifling joy,  
her settled peace of mind destroy ;  
strict honour fills her spotless soul,  
which adds a lustre to the whole ;  
a matchless shape, a graceful mien,  
all centre in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate  
has destin'd for so fair a mate !  
with all these charming gifts in store,  
while each returning day brings more ;  
what youth so happy can be seen,  
possessing thee my Highland Queen.

269.

MARIA'S EVENING SERVICE  
TO THE VIRGIN.

At morn and eve to thee I pray,  
and as I pass the mountain's side,  
I drop a tear and heave a sigh,  
for who can all their sorrows hide?  
Oh! shower thy choicest blessings down  
upon a hapless cheerless maid,  
who wanders here distress'd, forlorn;  
and grant me yet thy healing aid!

270.

THE ONLY COMPANION.

I'm not very nice in the choice of a mate,  
and therefore I'll tell you my mind.  
Not one who's too humble nor one who's too great,  
but one who's good humour'd and kind:  
not old, nor yet ugly, not blind, deaf, or lame,  
but sensible, modest, and free;  
such a one there's no doubt my attention would  
the only companion for me. [claim;  
Too witty, too pretty, alike will be vain,  
have too much conceit of themselves;  
their prating and dressing, alike I disdain,  
they are such fantastical elves:  
neat, chearful, discreet, and not prudishly nice,  
but sensible, modest, and free;  
such a one I am willing to take in a trice,  
the only companion for me.



271.

*Another Answer to "O Nancy wilt thou go with me."*

[See No. 32 and 199,]

SET BY C. H. WILTON.

Yes, Henry, yes, with thee I'll go,  
where'er thy footsteps point the way;  
with thee a cot could bliss bestow,  
and silent glens can charms display.  
If thee in russet gown I please,  
russet is more than silk to me;  
each courtly scene I'd quit with ease,  
nor think of any joy but thee.

Yes, Henry, yes, with thee I'll go,  
nor sigh for any pleasure past;  
whether in sultry heats I go  
or shiver at the northern blast,  
supported by thy friendly arm,  
fatigue and toil were light to me;  
my soul no dangers can alarm,  
blest, through the world to follow thee.

And should the ill which most I dread,  
should pain and grief thy peace molest,  
this arm should prop thy drooping head,  
my voice should sooth thy cares to rest;  
no nurse, untaught by fondest love,  
could like thy Nancy watchful be,  
while every tender care should prove  
how much my joys depend on thee.

But ah! my Henry, shouldst thou die  
what would this faithful heart befall?  
for neither moan nor watery eye  
could tell the anguish of my soul;

~~~~~  
for when thou shouldst resign thy breath
close to thy grave my tomb should be,
happy, e'en in the arms of death,
could still thy Nancy follow thee.

~~~~~

272

## ORPHAN BESS.

BY MR. ANDERSON.

Set by Thomas Thompson.

A poor helpless wand'rer, the wide world before me,  
when the harsh din of war forc'd a parent to roam,  
with no friend, save kind Heaven, to protect and watch  
I, a child of affliction, was robb'd of a home; [o'er me,  
and thus with a sigh I accosted each stranger,  
"O look with compassion on poor orphan Bess,  
your mite may relieve me from each threat'ning danger  
and the soft tear of pity would sooth my distress."  
To the rich, by whom Virtue's too often neglected,  
I tell my sad story and crave their relief,  
but wealth seldom feels for a wretch unprotected,  
't is the lowly and poor that partake in my grief.  
The great little think that the thousands they squander  
on the playthings of folly and fripperies of dress, [der,  
would relieve the keen wants of the wretched who wan-  
that the soft tear of pity would sooth their distress.  
Tho' bereft of each comfort poor Bess will not languish;  
for since short is life's journey 't is vain to lament;  
and He who e'er marks the deep sigh of keen anguish,  
has plac'd in her bosom the jewel content.  
Then ye wealthy to day think, ah think, that morrow  
the chance of misfortune upon you may press.  
And turn not away from a poor orphan's sorrow,  
for the soft tear of pity would sooth her distress.

~~~~~


273

THE BLIND BOY.

BY THE REV. R. ROBERTS.

O ye, who blest with powers of sight
 enjoy the friendly ray,
 leave for the poor Blind Boy your mite,
 and gild his gloom of day.

By him no sun was ever seen,
 nor firmament on high;
 nor cloud-capt hill, nor verdure green,
 shew him the Deity.

Yet, in this darkness, so profound,
 I feel the chast'ning rod,
 and in the thunder's awful sound
 I hear the mighty God:

"Oh! for his sake, then, hear my prayer,
 for I'm bereft of joy;
 and give the little you can spare
 to feed a poor blind boy!



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